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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government may be thankful indeed for the saving help of the guillotine. It is clear enough from this week's discussion of old-age pensions that were the debate allowed to live its natural life, in not many weeks the Chancellor of the Exchequer's position would become impossible. This Bill was brought in without counting the cost. Every amendment shows a new flaw. Lord Robert Cecil is right. It practically comes to this—either you must have a universal scheme or a contributory. The Government scheme can hardly be defended. Challenged by Mr. Bridgeman to allow pensions to outdoor paupers, Mr. Lloyd George could only plead the excuse of want of money and the impossibility of dealing with outdoor paupers without going into the whole Poor Law question. Then, says Mr. Balfour, you should have thought of this before introducing your Bill; and as for money, you had it but threw it away by reducing the sugar tax. You yourself laid it down that every scheme became contributory by beneficiaries' payments in indirect taxation. Here was an indirect tax producing exactly the sum, the want of which, you say, prevents your accepting an amendment you admit to be just. Mr. Lloyd George could answer nothing.

Then they got into trouble with some of the Labour members by insisting on clumping together income received from trade union and friendly society pensions with every other form of thrift, thus making a practical proposal impracticable. Mr. Jowett of Bradford censured the Ministerial trick sternly. The argument that a non-contributory scheme discourages thrift we think nothing of; but to make income earned by thrift disqualify for an old-age pension is absolutely to penalise thrift. This is madness.

Mr. Haldane's answer to Mr. Stanley Wilson's question last Monday about Mr. Winston Churchill's

sojourn at the War Office was a paltry quibble. It is common knowledge, inside and outside the War Office, that for the past five weeks or so the President of the Board of Trade has been engaged at the War Office, calling for official papers and carrying out some commission on behalf of the Government, or perhaps understudying Mr. Haldane with a view to succeed him. This extraordinary business of the highly paid President of the Board of Trade engaging on work in another department of State was first exposed by the "Yorkshire Post" late last week: and it is significant that Mr. Winston Churchill disappeared from the War Office on the last day of that week.

We suppose Mr. Haldane justifies his denial that the "President of the Board of Trade is permitted to use a room at the War Office" on the ground that the arrangement had come to an end two days before. Such quibbling is beneath the dignity of the head of a great public department. We hope that the whole affair will be raised again by means of a question more adroitly worded. It could be raised too when the vote for the salary of the President of the Board of Trade comes up. By the way, Mr. Haldane's Territorials finally fall short of the Volunteers by about 80,000.

Ministers' replies are so often neither "in the negative" nor "in the affirmative," but somewhere between the two, that one always welcomes a hard straight "No" or "Yes". The Prime Minister certainly said "No" to Captain Craig on Tuesday in a way we can all understand. The question was whether the Government will take effective steps to stop the boycotting and bullying which even Ministers do not deny is going on now throughout Ireland: effective steps—that is, of course, exceptional legislation, seeing that the ordinary law in Ireland finds itself a poor footless thing when it tries to stamp out the cattle whacking and other political practices so rife just now.

There is some character in Dickens whose clothes looked as if they had been laid by in a bandbox fifty years ago and had just been brought to light. Sometimes a political speech is of the same character. Mr. Bennett's raging, tearing speech in the House on Wednesday against squire and parson was an odd

example. Mr. Bennett has discovered that "a cursed feudalism" still stalks through a groaning land. The wretched villager is ground to dust by the terrible squire and parson in the mills of Mr. Bennett's imagination. Mr. Bennett has no doubt been travelling in Darkest England with a carpet bag. War correspondent, theologian, Oxford don—as Lord Robert Cecil reminded the House—soldier, tutor, son of a rector, and M.P. for Woodstock, he should speak at any rate with a most variegated experience.

The "friendly duel" in the "Westminster Gazette" between Sir Henry Norman M.P. and Mr. Byles M.P. as to voting "agin' the Government" has now closed. We are inclined to think that Mr. Byles has won. The fact has come out that he has voted not less than fifty-six times against the Government during the present Parliament: yet no one will deny that Mr. Byles is an outright radical—and an honest one to boot. Now this is a good record. Sir Henry Norman himself admits that on strong conviction it is the duty even of the faithful party man to vote against his leaders. Mr. Byles is subject to these convictions. His colleagues should not reproach him for that.

But Sir Henry Norman has made during this singular discussion, and made gravely enough, an amazing proposal. It is that the rank and file of the party shall ballot for the privilege of voting against the Government when they want to: "if therefore the luxury of voting against the Government is to be enjoyed, let it be balloted for, that all may enjoy it on equal terms". It would be a sort of lottery of conscience. Perhaps however Sir Henry Norman, whilst he grumbles at the privilege of those who vote for their own convictions, forgets the privilege of those who are content to vote for their leaders whate'er betide. Is there not a prize list? Are there not vacancies from time to time in the Government? Do the Liberal Whips forget their good men and true when prize-day comes?

Really, when any question comes up between the Church and its enemies, the first thought of many of our present bishops, not excepting at least one archbishop, seems to be, not, What can we keep for the Church? but, What can we give away? Mr. McKenna, when he was drafting an abortive education bill instead of ruling the King's navy, made a new rule revolutionising the character of Church training colleges—meanly getting in by administration what he was afraid to introduce, according to all precedent, by bill. He required the authorities of these colleges, under heavy penalties, to admit any student without reference to religion. He was not to be required to attend any service or any religious teaching. The object of these colleges, as Church colleges, being purely religious, Churchmen naturally felt that the new rule could not be accepted. If we had to give up the object of the colleges' existence, we had better give up the colleges. Thus to let in anti-religious students, ignoring the whole religious side of the college, would be to drive a wedge into the whole system—precisely of course what Mr. McKenna foresaw and wanted. And a brave opposition was got up.

Mr. McKenna then leaves the Board of Education for education's good. Mr. Runciman comes in, under no pledge to brandish Mr. McKenna's sword. He sees the awkward position of the Government as to the training colleges, and like a wise man is all for a compromise. He had no principle to consider. So he offers the Archbishop to give up half, if the Archbishop will give up half too. "Drop all questions of religion as to half your new students, and I won't say anything about the other half. I won't even ask if they are housed within the college or without." The Archbishop closes promptly; and the Bishop of S. Albans wrestles with the Council of Church Training Colleges, in turn prays, beseeches, bullies to get them to swallow this deal, which in the end they do. The Archbishop is delighted with his political success in making Mr. Runciman give up anything. He does not consider the principle which was the basis of the whole protest. Churchmen said at first that to ignore religion in admitting students

would cut into the whole character of the college, as of course it must. But now we are to say that ignoring religion as to half the new students won't matter, as we have not to ignore it of the other half. There seems to be about as much logic as religion in this: none of either.

There is nothing new in the education code to note this year but the arrangements as to medical inspection. Unquestionably all school children ought to be inspected medically from time to time, and the new regulations are sensible. Curious that the only item of educational progress made in Mr. McKenna's time should be in a matter which Mr. McKenna admitted did not interest him. We are glad to see that in this year's code more stress than ever is laid on the harm of too much regard for scholarship examinations.

When a woman throws a stone, we all well know what usually happens—it flies in a direction just opposite to that she intended. The two physical leaders of the "Votes for Women" movement who threw stones at Mr. Asquith's windows on Tuesday appear to have been quite masculine in their aim—the stones actually went in the direction aimed at, instead of backward over the shoulders of the throwers. None the less the practice is very dangerous, and the culprits are to be justly punished. The whole scene at Westminster on Tuesday was disgraceful. Actresses of course must never shun publicity. But the low banter and ribaldry which are inseparable from these scenes should really deter any woman with a sense of delicacy. This is about the most unpleasant feature of the movement, and the suffragists themselves must be quite well aware of the coarse jesting that goes on around them.

There is no doubt that a good deal of this feeling about woman's suffrage has arisen through the rancorous claim "We are as good as you are!" But why should such a claim be made in these days? It is not seriously disputed that women are "as good". In old days of course it was disputed, and women were treated very unfairly in some ways—especially the way of property—by the State. But to-day a woman's property is sacred—at any rate as sacred as a man's. A certain host remarked before his guests lately that he would send his motor to the station to meet So-and-so. "Our motor", said the hostess, who wants tone. As the lady had actually bought the motor, the correction was severe and rankled. Next morning the host came down very late to breakfast. He was chaffed about this, and explained, "I'm sorry; the fact is I mislaid our trowsers".

The verdict of the Police Commission is complete and—for those who need to be convinced—convincing. We do not think that the inquiry was called for. The public was satisfied before it was appointed that the police do their work very well—it did not want an inquiry, despite agitations from time to time in the press, and herein it was quite right. Whether the detective side is so enterprising—or shall we say so imaginative?—as the crime investigation branches in one or two other countries is another question. We should say it is; but it has its critics among those who have studied the subject. If the demand that the control of the London police shall be given to the County Council is not already dead, this inquiry will kill it. It would be extreme folly to interfere with an arrangement that works so well as the existing one.

The point of the Indian debate in the Lords—at any rate the most significant point—was the unanimous judgment of Lord Curzon, of the Secretary of State, and of Lord Cromer that the kind of education imported into India on Macaulay's advice was the main cause of the present unrest—a very euphemistic word. Lord Morley of Blackburn showed the courage we have now learned to expect from him in admitting this frankly. Our educational boons to India represent a whole tradition of Liberal policy—they enshrine principles which are the palladium of middle-class Liberalism. At last their rottenness is apparent; apparent to John Morley. One cannot help speculating: Would it ever have been apparent to Gladstone?

In these high debates small personalities perversely catch the most attention. There is talk, of course, of Lord Curzon's indiscretions. No doubt, it would not please the powers that partitioned Poland to be called "avaricious". The complaint of Lord Middleton's Bengal telegram certainly was a mistake. Lord Curzon can afford to forget things of that kind. One would have thought Lord Middleton of all men might be left alone now. Of a different order was the allusion to the Amir and the Anglo-Russian Convention. We do not admit that Lord Curzon was in any way precluded from criticising that agreement. But if, as he said, he earnestly hoped that the Amir would assent to the Afghan clauses, we must say his criticism does not appear to agree with his aspiration. However, all first-rate men are guilty of indiscretions at times. That is why some, among whom we are not, prefer the best second-class men, who usually steer clear of "howlers".

Persia has taken the place of Morocco in the daily press, and the record of disorder and chaos varies only with the environment. The Shah, with the aid of his Cossacks, has asserted his authority in Teheran with masterful brutality, but at Tabriz and elsewhere the so-called Nationalists seem to have the upper hand, and his proclamation of amnesty is apparently respected neither by his own forces nor his enemies. Not satisfied with the difficulties in which he finds himself involved with a section of his people, the Shah has complicated matters by surrounding the British Legation, which in Teheran as elsewhere has become the asylum of refugees, with troops. His protest to King Edward was childish, and has resulted only in strengthening the hand of British representatives. If Mahomed Ali wished to embroil himself with the Powers, he could hardly have done better. He has perhaps been misled by the obvious desire of both Russia and Great Britain to avoid intervention.

Natal is prepared cordially to support the movement for South African federation, but, as we anticipated, is not in favour of unification. Mr. Moor, the Premier, on Wednesday expressed his belief that the Convention to be held a month or two hence will recommend federal union as the best solution of the problem. It would be especially unfortunate if at the outset any decision were taken which Natal could not accept. South African union cannot become a reality without her. Much will depend upon the choice of chairman. What was the true inwardness of Mr. Moor's repudiation of responsibility on the part of Natal for Lord Selborne's not presiding over the Convention? Lord Selborne has probably done more than anybody recently to pave the way to union.

Lord Rosebery, at the annual meeting of the Society of Comparative Legislation, complained of the excess of modern lawmaking. It is true of England, but not more than of any other country, as Lord Rosebery showed. We deplore it all the more, naturally, when we dislike a good deal of it as he does. But his antithesis between independent citizens and citizens "supported and guided" by legislation is not valid. Legislation will grow in bulk, however assertively individual the citizen may be. Take Acts of Parliament about all sorts of motor vehicles. They restrict liberty. We are in an era when rapid changes make us attempt constructive legislation on pain of finding ourselves in chaos.

The science of eugenics is one, Lord Rosebery remarks, that is greatly taking up the higher minds of the country. And they are advocating restrictions on marriage. We may have ere long proposals to prohibit such marriages as those of epileptics and first cousins. Compulsory vaccination is an interference with liberty, legislation about children is too; but is liberty of the individual, which is often another name for his ignorance, to rule instead of the ideal of "the higher minds" to produce a better and purer race? Legislation is not merely curtailing liberty; it is instruction to the ignorant by wiser people than they—at least it ought to be. By the by, Lord Rosebery is doubtful about the pronunciation of "eugenics".

Mr. Francis Galton, who first set us talking about it, has recently instructed us that we are to pronounce the "g" soft, as if it were "j". He may prefer to have it so: but others are not bound to follow him.

Apropos of legislation, the decision of the Australian Federal High Court on the Tariff Act is very much in point. An attempt was made to secure fair wages and fair prices for the articles on which duties were imposed. The experiment was quite new and the provisions were very elaborate. There were prophecies that they would be found unworkable. It cannot be said that they have had a fair trial. At the outset they have been challenged on the ground of being ultra vires of the Federal legislation, and the Federal Court has so held.

It is hardly worth while going into the reasons for this. Whether they are right or wrong—and there were two judges out of five against the decision—the judgment is final. The important question is whether Mr. Deakin's Government will, as they have said, make a referendum to the constituencies for authorising an alteration of the Constitution. As their policy of the "new protection" has not yet really had a fair trial, the decision of the Court does not affect the merits one way or the other; the Government will naturally resent their policy being stultified by such a decision if they can rely on their supporters, as probably they can.

In Dickens' "Miscellaneous Papers" recently published there are several on capital punishment which seem to go the length of urging its abolition. Probably what Dickens and other writers of about the 'fifties or 'sixties really struck at was public executions. Since these ceased, the public has not been convinced that any better alternative to capital punishment can be found for some murderers. In France the Bill for the abolition of capital punishment has been abandoned in the same mood. Some peculiarly atrocious murders alarmed people in Paris especially, and they saw in the President's practical abolition of the penalty an encouragement to murder. They do not propose to interfere with the President's power to remit the death sentence. But if solitary confinement is to be the alternative punishment, the guillotine would be more merciful. The abolition of executions in public will take away many excuses for so frequently remitting the death penalty.

Evidence in the Eulenburg trial is being taken with closed doors. This is simply a concession to the requirements of decency, which were outraged by the publication of the proceedings in the previous trials. Prince Eulenburg's being prosecuted at all for perjury shows the independence of the legal authorities of any social or political pressure which might have been brought to influence them. Accounts of the trial might still reach the newspapers through the jurymen and witnesses. The newspapers have been requested not to publish anything. It appears there is no legal power to prevent them; but the better ones among them have agreed to this. They realise the mistake of their previous want of reticence, and will abstain from news or comment on the trial until the result is announced. Whatever this may be, Germans must hope it will wind up this series of unsavoury trials.

Lord Balfour put a question in the House of Lords arising out of the Bournemouth murder trial. The speeches of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Alverstone show that if the nolle prosequi in McGuire's case had not been entered, McGuire would not have been tried for five months. Lord Alverstone said it had not been the practice for many years to re-try a prisoner at the same Assizes. The Lord Chancellor said a new commission might have been issued to re-try the case at once, but he did not say that this is ever done. In fact, when the judges get back to London they have too much work there for that. It is very doubtful, too, whether McGuire could have been tried in London. Lord Alverstone admits there ought to be an alteration of the

law. As to the general question of bail for untried prisoners, he is out of touch with the facts. The judicial statistics, judges, the Home Office, are constantly complaining that prisoners are kept waiting an inordinate time for trial, and saying that bail ought to be granted more generally than it is.

It was very startling to hear of the arrest of Mr. Sievier at the instance of Mr. J. B. Joel on a charge of attempting to extort £5,000 so soon after Mr. Solomon Joel's prosecution of Von Veltheim for a similar offence. From the evidence given at Bow Street on Monday it does not appear that there can be the same intensity of interest in this later case as there was in the Von Veltheim case, which was extremely complicated and also suggested political intrigues in South Africa. But even on a simpler issue of the sort two such personages as Mr. Joel and Mr. Sievier with their remarkably picturesque histories cannot face each other without the public feeling that it is an occasion of dramatic possibilities. Mr. Sievier has thought his life worth relating in an autobiography, and he has told the story with gusto. Sir James Duke, it will be remembered, in the Victoria Club case, made unfavourable comments on his adventures, and Mr. Sievier brought an action for libel. Mr. Sievier's judgment upon it was that he had no fairer hearing than Adolph Beck. He may be assured that this latest chapter of his strange eventful history will be followed with keen attention.

The "Evening Standard" and the "Daily Express" have had only their trouble for their pains in their attempt to make a journalistic sensation out of what they were pleased to describe as the "amazing statutory" on the new building of the British Medical Association. All the opinion that was worth anything was against them and the general public instead of being shocked just laughed and saw through the whole pretence about morals and art. Naturally these journalist crusaders are put out about their fiasco, as may be seen by their comments on those who helped to expose them. The last word is with the Council of the British Medical Association, who "after carefully considering the objections raised and the many favourable opinions by eminent authorities on art" have decided to go on with the work.

In so many speeches of public men the words are dead. In Lord Curzon's speeches, no matter what the theme, the words are always "live". In this perhaps more than in anything their interest and value exist. His speech on John Oliver Hobbes was brilliant throughout, glowing with feeling and finely, not elaborately, worded. A career "so crowded, so lit with iridescent gleams, so short" could not be thought of without a pang. He spoke of her wit and humour which danced through her novels and plays, and of the "deep and silent pools in her character and life".

The Darwin-Wallace celebration is not a celebration of the discovery that man came from a monkey—as so many people suppose. The missing link really does not come in. It is a celebration of the brilliant theory of the perpetuation of varieties and species by natural selection. Perhaps Darwin was not actually the first to light upon this idea; none the less it will always be rightly associated with his name. It is a pity that today the theory—and particularly the sexual selection branch of it—should be travestied too often by men who live overmuch in museums. Darwin's idea, in the hands of some of its enthusiasts, comes out uncommonly like a theory of Unnatural Selection.

Tuesday and Wednesday nights will be memorable for the rest of his life to any who saw the wonderful sky in the north-west from ten up to midnight and after. One's first thought was that it was a sunset of a remarkable character, but even in this glowing summer one does not see sunset colours at midnight, nor does a sunset steadily become brighter and more glowing. Much more; in its tender and delicate colours it was like the dawn. In London the mingling of the colours and light of the sky with the myriad artificial lights of the street made a fantasia of all ordinary things which one can never forget.

THE INDIAN DEBATE.

IT may be suspected that the peers, peeresses, and commoners who flocked to the House of Lords on Tuesday were attracted by the prospect of a duel between Lord Curzon and the new Lord Morley rather than by interest in the state of India. In the House of Commons the annual debate on the Indian Budget is invariably conducted amidst empty benches; for only the genius of a Burke or a Macaulay can fix the attention of the unimaginative British nation upon the affairs of their great Eastern dependency. It is lucky for India that it is so, and that all the important debates upon our Asiatic policy take place in the House of Lords. A good many people were anxious to hear Lord Curzon make a big speech on India, and quite as many were curious to see how the Secretary of State would acquit himself in his novel surroundings. And so the red benches and the galleries were tolerably filled, and a mild excitement prevailed. Beyond strengthening the hands of Lord Morley against the "simpletons" and anarchists of his own household—a considerable result, by the way—the debate had no particular point. For though Lord Curzon spoke with animation for an hour and a half, and though Lord Morley replied with causticity at almost equal length, neither the ex-Viceroy nor the Secretary of State told us anything new about India, or presented us with any striking or original reflections on its government. It was inevitable that it should be so, for the unrest or disorder in India is produced by the same old cause, native disloyalty excited by a licentious press, and can only be cured by the same old remedy, resolute government, particularly directed to the dusky "able editor". It is true that the irritant cause of Indian disloyalty has been encouraged of late years by our absurdity in providing the middle-class Baboo with a college education, of a purely literary character, without attempting to do anything in the way of what we call in this country elementary education for the masses. But the bed-rock fact of Indian administration is, and must always remain, the same. It is the military government of a conglomeration of races, alien in blood, in religion, and in language. And in our judgment all attempts, whether by administrative reforms or education, to modify these basic conditions are made at the risk of losing our Eastern Empire. It may be, as Lord Morley said, that the attempts must be made, and that there is no escape in the present temper of democracy from the necessity. But it is well that we should know what we are about, and that if we have to face another Mutiny we should be prepared for the task.

Lord Curzon's speech was eloquent and vigorous, and we cordially concur in its spirit and main argument. But Lord Curzon made one or two mistakes of which Lord Morley was not slow to take advantage. We might for instance have been spared the conventional repudiation of party politics. Lord Curzon is in opposition, and, as Lord Randolph Churchill said, "it is the business of the Opposition to oppose the Government". To keep India outside the sphere of party politics is a counsel of perfection, for all first-rate political questions become party ones, and, as Lord Morley truly observed, India is as important as any of the four or five "front-rank" questions of the day. Lord Curzon made no personal attack on the Secretary of State: on the contrary he gave him an opportunity of explaining his policy. Lord Curzon set down nought in malice: he did not exaggerate the danger, or try to embarrass the Government, to which he promised his support. But he did criticise the administration of India by the present Secretary of State in a manner which Lord Morley would have been the last to resent, had not the criticism been prefaced by the disclaimer of partisan motives. Lord Curzon was not particularly happy in his reference to the resignation of Sir Bampfylde Fuller, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. It is impossible now to enter into the dispute between Sir Bampfylde Fuller and the Indian Government. We may even assume that Sir Bampfylde Fuller was right and the Government wrong, and that it would have been better for Bengal if the Lieutenant-Governor's

resignation had not been accepted. But that does not prove Lord Curzon's contention that the Secretary of State is open to censure for having accepted the resignation. It may often happen, as Lord Curzon said, that the offer of resignation is the only means by which an honest and strong-minded official can justify his position. If it is thought desirable to retain his services, even though he dissent from the policy of his superiors, a private letter may be written to him, as Lord Cromer with his long experience pointed out. It is really a case of "*se soumettre ou se démettre*". But it would be intolerable if the superior was expected to give way to the inferior; and Lord Morley scored a point when he hazarded the assertion that Lord Curzon would be the last to accept such a doctrine from one of his subordinate officials. With some spirit the Secretary of State declared that the resignation of an official who thought he knew better than the Government would always meet at his hands with "prompt and peremptory acceptance".

The partition of Bengal was defined by the ex-Viceroy to be a mere readjustment of boundaries and duplication of departments. We dare say it was; but then we hardly know why it was defended at such length by its author, especially as Lord Morley said that he accepted it as an accomplished fact, though he did not approve it. There was just a suspicion of the "*qui s'excuse s'accuse*" about this portion of Lord Curzon's speech, and matters were not mended by the revival of the quarrel between himself and Lord Midleton, the Secretary of State for India at the time, over an old telegram, which had been published in the Blue-book by Lord Curzon's express desire. Nothing is less calculated to impress the strength of our rule upon the mind of those who are listening "with a sinister gleam in their eyes" in the fastnesses of Kabul and the bazaars of the Deccan than the report of our statesmen squabbling amongst themselves.

The most effective passage in Lord Curzon's analysis of the causes of Indian unrest was his contemptuous chastisement of the demagogues and itinerant orators of the Radical party, with their "fantastic and ignorant questions", and their impertinent advice to Whitehall and to Simla. Lord Curzon's scorn stung Lord Morley into the not very convincing retort that aristocracy had its simpletons as well as democracy; that questions in the House of Commons were of no importance; and that India had to be governed under the parliamentary system. There is no denying these propositions, though they are not very helpful, and it might be rejoined that the aristocratic simpleton is not dangerous. On the other hand, there is no reason why under the parliamentary system the fantastic ignorance of the agitator should not be repressed in India, if it cannot be restrained in the House of Commons. The Baboo cannot know how powerless such persons as Mr. Keir Hardie and Sir Henry Cotton are in the government of the Empire. They may be simpletons in the eyes of Lord Morley and all educated and sane Britons: the Baboo only sees that they are allowed to say and do what they like. This brings us to the vital question: What are the Secretary of State and the Indian Government going to do in the face of what is admitted by all parties to be a "crisis"? Lord Morley declared, with perfect truth and justifiable pride, that he had not hitherto allowed himself to be deflected from the maintenance of order by the fear of unpopularity or by the attacks of his friends the simpletons, and that he intended to continue in the path of resolute government. Men of all parties, except the extremists, have received this pledge with satisfaction, and Lord Morley will be supported against those of his own household by that portion of the press and the public which counts. But when Lord Morley informs the nation that he is about to bring in a law dealing with the Indian native press, and that he will persevere with his administrative reforms, we must ask, What is his press law? And what are his reforms? The press law for the control or suspension of newspapers is confined to incitements to murder and violence. That is not enough, in our judgment. We do not know, not having seen the proposed law, whether "violence" includes "treason", i.e. the levying of war, and incitements to rebellion against the Sovereign of India. We are sure

that if the Act does not include many other forms of anarchy besides incitements to "murder and violence" it will not answer its purpose of restoring calm and order in the peninsula. Nothing was more impressive in the debate than Lord Cromer's admission that after the experience of a life-time the experiment of a free press in Oriental society had not succeeded. Not only incitements to murder and violence, but scurrilous abuse of officials by native scribblers, should be prevented by an effective censorship. This may not please wrongheaded "idéologues" like Lord Courtney, whose perverse plea for "legitimate agitation" reminds us that even Delane found it difficult to keep this veteran journalist in order. But most of us know that the freedom of the press is liable to great abuse in Western countries: in the East it runs into madness. As for reform, we want to know what are Lord Morley's reforms? Administrative reform is a vague phrase, and the hint that the participation of the natives in government is to be not only of a consultative but of an executive character does not increase our comfort. We agree with Lord Curzon that this is not the moment for pressing on reform, and we cannot share Lord Morley's admiration of the Viceroy's statement that no amount of anarchy or crime would induce him to postpone his policy. Until, however, we know definitely what that policy of administrative reform is, our criticism must be limited to the opinion that the Government of India will find quite enough to do at present in the maintenance of order, and in the restoration of confidence in the strength and justice of the British Raj. Generosity or contempt has for too long allowed the traitor and the demagogue to go about doing evil.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS.

THE vital importance of a peaceful, successful future for South Africa, while it precludes any Imperialist from a partisan handling of the question, must not prevent him facing unpleasant elements in a hard situation. Many intelligent men in both parties well know that our national weakness, the inability to pursue a firm and self-consistent policy over a long period of years, coupled with unscrupulous electioneering cries and more unscrupulous methods of escaping their consequences, has imperilled imperial supremacy in South Africa. But such men's one desire is to put South African affairs out of their thoughts, and, by ascribing to prudence and statesmanship what is more largely due to intellectual inertia and cowardice, to escape from facing the future and from considering what may be saved from the wreck. To a people in this mind—and it exists just as much in Capetown and Johannesburg as in London—words like "self-government" or "unification" are as blessed as "Mesopotamia", and that is their very danger. They raise a mirage to obscure the hard facts for which it stands. What after all is the state of politics in South Africa at present? It is said that racialism is dead, yet the party divisions in the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and the Cape Colony are, in spite of a few fissiparous tendencies, based entirely upon race. There is much loose talk about the fusion of the races, yet intermarriage between Dutch and English is astonishingly rare, even where, as in Cape Colony, the two peoples have lived side by side for over a century. The divergence is just as real, and apparently as permanent, as that between Ontario and Quebec, or between the North and South of Ireland. It is based not on idle racial hatred but on a difference of industrial pursuits, political ideals, and social standards, and almost on a difference of centuries—indeed on all those essential facts which distinguish one race from another. Thus racial fusion, if it is to be effected, must result from the long lapse of time, and is not to be effected in a moment by the perorations of that type of South African politician who changes his party once in every ten years. This fact, whether we like it or not, will remain the basis of South African politics for many years, nor does it exclude the possibility of co-operation between the two races as long as both sides respect themselves and their opponents. But co-operation will never result from a policy of

cringing to the Dutch and pretending that these facts do not exist.

At present, in spite of the long stream of steamers that bring back Englishmen from Africa every week, the British population south of the Limpopo is still slightly greater than the Dutch. On a voters basis it has a very substantial majority, and this majority pays something like three-quarters of the taxes. Yet in three out of the four colonies the British population only exercises a slight and indirect influence on legislation and policy. This curious position is no doubt partly due to the men who, out of personal pique or a feeling that any change of Government must be for the better in days of depression, voted for the Dutch or their allies and servants. But the main reason is in the electoral anomalies of South African politics. The British in Natal are busy voting against each other on matters of local administration. In the Transvaal the town population was deprived of from four to six seats, which would mean forty or sixty in the House of Commons, on the strength of a mere uncorroborated telegram from Mr. E. P. Solomon which afterwards proved to be utterly untrue. In the Orange River Colony the constitution showed a similar, though not so marked, bias on the part of the Imperial Government against the men of their own race. In Cape Colony the failure of Redistribution Bill after Redistribution Bill still leaves the great majority of the small agricultural townships permanently unrepresented in the House of Assembly. "Equal Rights" do not exist in South African politics, and it is the duty of the Imperial Government to see that under a scheme of unification this penalisation of the British South African taxpayer abruptly ends. This alone is the crux of all unification schemes, which will fail or succeed from the wider imperial standpoint as they obtain or fail to obtain fair representation for both races. Now that Federation has been tacitly abandoned outside Natal in favour of complete fusion, a sweeping Redistribution Bill will have to be applied to the whole of the four colonies. This is the chance for the British South African parties to remedy the injustices of the past, and for the Imperial Government to support their claims in common fairness; nor could we advise the Progressive forces to accept a premature settlement which will frustrate their wishes. "Such an opportunity will not occur again." The present Government has also its chance to undo the squalid work of gerrymandering to which, at the bidding of Mr. Winston Churchill and the more extreme anti-patriots, it set its hand in the autumn of 1906. At that period the Imperialist party, through the shock of its débâcle, was too weak to take a firm stand even against the more obvious forms of political dishonesty and imperial betrayal. But 1908 is not 1906, and if the saner members of the Cabinet decline to do their duty by their race and Empire of their own accord, there is now in the body of the country a force which will drive them whither they would not.

We have at present no certain indication of the attitude to be taken by the three great Dutch organisations which have thrust unification into the forefront of politics with such speed. It is impossible to say yet whether these bodies, or perhaps we should say their leaders, are really inspired by the manifest practical advantages that union would bring, or whether they are meditating a sudden coup, which will anticipate the return to power of a Unionist Government, and secure the perpetuity of those electoral anomalies to which they so largely owe their present power. So far all that has been done is to summon a number of representatives from each State in rough proportion to its size. To this nobody need object save one or two South African newspapers. The real point is whether the recommendations of this Conference shall be submitted to the South African people by a referendum, or whether the terms of union are to be decided by the Government majorities in the various States. The latter course would almost certainly lead to the failure of the whole scheme, and the Dutch Governments are not likely to try it, as long as they believe that the British will keep a stiff upper lip and not allow their public spirit and strong South African patriotism to induce them to abandon that doctrine of Equal Rights of

which Sir Percy Fitzpatrick is the most notable exponent. Even the disinterested ardour for unification which finds expression in the labour given to the "Government of South Africa" series may be exploited against the interests of sound government unless due caution is exercised. The administrative benefits of union would be enormous, but one can pay too high a price even for better and cheaper administration, and the more loudly these benefits are proclaimed by one side, the greater is the political price that may be demanded for them by the other. Politics are the basis of administration, as Lord Milner discovered to his cost, when one of the best sets of administrators the Empire has produced saw their work irreparably damaged by a sudden turn of the political wheel. In any event the hands of the loyal British South African will be enormously strengthened if he feels that public opinion at home is watching the turn of affairs and waiting to aid him. There must be no repetition of the hole-and-corner methods by which the Transvaal Constitution, on the strength of a single precedent, was rushed through without the authority of either House of Parliament. This is impossible in face of a courageous and organised opposition. The whole future of South Africa, and possibly of the Empire, depends on such an opposition existing. The mere fact of its existence discourages gerrymandering from either Pretoria or Downing Street. On the terms of the Union depends the question whether, as in the case of Canada, fair representation is to result in greater cohesion with the sister States, or whether another and anti-Imperial force is to get the mastery?

MR. HALDANE—"PROMISES . . MIGHTY ; PERFORMANCE . . NOTHING."

MR. HALDANE'S safe has been opened at last ; and, with Madame Humbert's, there is little in it. Like that eminent creatrix of non-existent millions—money in the one case, men in the other—our War Minister has succeeded in making his fellow-countrymen take him seriously, and accept words for hard facts. Our unfortunate Army has been experimented upon so often that we are becoming used to new schemes and their failure. But surely no new scheme was ever heralded with so much bombastic and self-complacent assurance as his, which makes the drop to painful facts and results all the worse. There has been no limit to the exuberance of the high-sounding phrases employed ; and by words alone Mr. Haldane has succeeded in inducing a large majority of the nation to take him for a great War Minister. "A nation in arms" was one of the milder of the terms used ; and we were to have increased efficiency at reduced cost—a worn-out "tag" originally used by Mr. Cardwell, and repeated parrot-like ever since by all his successors. We were to have a great expeditionary force ready at a moment's notice ; and a great territorial army to defend the country when this had sailed. The first process towards this millennium was to cut down the regulars by some twenty-five thousand men, and to break up the whole of the remaining machinery. Now, however, we are told that it will not be safe for this force to leave our shores until the territorial army has had six months' training, just as if an enemy would delay operations until this desirable consummation had been achieved, any more than he has done in any period of the world's history. It is interesting to note, too, that Mr. Haldane has succeeded in capturing a certain proportion of the Unionist press, apparently by means of making himself accessible to all journalists hungry for "copy". But the whole business, as Lord Newton very graphically points out in the "National Review" this month, is nothing more or less than a "Haldane imposture".

Let us now get to facts and see what so far are the net results of this much-advertised scheme, for the success of which nearly everyone with any great stake in the country, from the King and the Lords-Lieutenant of counties downwards, has striven its utmost. Detailed figures as to the results are not yet available. But, roughly, it may be said that when Mr. Haldane

commenced his labours there were some 270,000 yeomanry and volunteers available. Now the figures stand at something between 160,000 and 180,000. Of course Mr. Haldane's answer to this is that only the best men have been kept, and that those who have been lost are only the "wasters" whose services were not worth keeping; and that a great advantage has been obtained in securing for the volunteers or territorial army a brigade and divisional organisation. The first claim is difficult to test. There may be something in it; but still it would seem that the majority of those who have accepted the new conditions have only taken on for one year instead of the four which are in future to be the conditions of service. So anxious, too, has Mr. Haldane been to make his scheme at any rate a success on paper that many of the more salutary of the new conditions of service have been "whittled down" to a vanishing point, and plentiful bribes in the shape of medals and colours have been offered. The organisation of the volunteers into brigades and divisions must eventually be a gain, though a costly one. For instance, in London, where a division is to a great extent a skeleton, we have a brigadier drawing £1,000 a year, with two staff officers drawing £550 a year each, all of them with very little to do. But apart from this it is difficult to see the use of the divisional organisation. During the annual periods of training all that it will be possible to do will be to get the battalions into shape, without entering into such questions as divisional or even deeply into brigade training. Briefly men must be taught to walk before they can run. Before the South African war, it is clear that we had not enough organisation. Except at Aldershot, and a few other centres, we had nothing higher, even in the regular army, than a battalion organisation, save on paper. This no doubt wanted altering. But now we have run to the other extreme; and even our volunteers are to have their divisional organisation. But apart from this doubtful gain, what have we? To start with, all traditions have been thrown overboard. The volunteers and all that attaches to that name are gone irrevocably, as is also the militia. Nor is it as if we could say that we have 50 per cent. of the volunteers left. The yeomanry, whom the new conditions do not affect nearly so much as the volunteers, have accepted almost en masse, and so have certain volunteer corps. But some of the remaining units are in a hopeless condition, although they have fulfilled the requirement of obtaining 30 per cent. of re-engagements in order to be recognised. Apart from this also the home defence force will for the future be cumbered with an amount of useless amateur horse and field batteries which, as Lord Roberts says, will not only be an encumbrance but a danger to their own side. The creation of these has been condemned by every known artillery expert, except the shadowy and incorporeal authorities whose opinions Mr. Haldane quotes with so much complaisance. In effect we have roughly two-thirds of the volunteers we had before, whose efficiency and training are not one iota better than when they were called by another name. Then why break up the whole of the volunteer machine and increase its cost, under the possibility of achieving such barren and disappointing results? Still, Mr. Haldane, like Madame Humbert, maintains his optimism up to the end, and declares that the results more than fulfil his expectations, and in these illusions he is supported by those who, like the officer who is supposed to be the Adjutant-General designate, have nothing to lose by appreciating the greatness of the Secretary of State.

Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Haldane has, however, achieved one tangible result. For when all the nonsense about a "nation in arms", and six months being always available on the outbreak of war for training the territorial army, has been swept aside, it is clear that the present policy brings the question of compulsion appreciably nearer, although it is likely that the odium of introducing such a measure will fall on a Unionist Government when it finds itself confronted with a military impasse. Inability to obtain a sufficiency of men has throughout been the crux of our military problem; and if even Mr. Haldane, with all his ability and industry, and with all the assistance he has received from his opponents, and all that is best and patriotic in

his own party, has failed, who else is likely to succeed? No Unionist War Minister could expect, and certainly would not receive, such favourable treatment at the hands of political friend and foe. In effect it is not so much the man as the conservatism of our ideals of national duty which will spell failure this time, even if it has not already done so. In so far as he has achieved the result of bringing the question of compulsory training more nearly into the region of practical politics, Mr. Haldane has done good service. But this is praise he will not admit. He denies that he has brought compulsion one whit nearer. Even if his territorial scheme were all to the good, no sophistries and explanations on his part can ever excuse—although the extremists of his party, and not himself, may be the chief offenders—the great national crime which has been committed in reducing the regular Army so largely, especially when its auxiliary elements were in the melting-pot.

THE VINDICATION OF THE POLICE.

THE report of the Police Commission is exactly what all reasonable people expected. The campaign of ill-considered and vague accusation, engineered by a few busybodies and backed by a section of the sensational press, has failed signally. The police have won all along the line, and while the Commission record a few instances of roughness and want of tact among a body numbering over seventeen thousand, the force as a whole is highly commended for its energy, discretion, and efficiency. Our only complaint is that the Commission has sat far too long. It rapidly became evident as the investigation of the first few cases proceeded that the sweeping charges made against the police were entirely without foundation, and we say now, as we said then, the sittings should have been brought to a speedy conclusion. As is pertinently pointed out by the Commissioners, the nature of police work is such as to require physical and mental qualities far beyond the average of the class from which the men are recruited. It is matter for satisfaction that recruits continue to keep well above that average. There has been too much amateur criticism of police methods. Nothing is easier and nothing so likely to be wrong. The vague sentimentality now unfortunately so common in public matters fails altogether to understand the necessity for prompt and vigorous action, while the fact of arrest alone too often seems to breed sympathy with a prisoner. The police as a body have felt most keenly the unthinking abuse that has been showered upon them, and their complete vindication by the Commission will therefore be all the more welcome. The questions referred for consideration were drunkenness, disorder and solicitation. The police are not the only people who find it difficult to decide whether a man is really drunk or merely excited. The difficulty is increased tenfold when, for instance, Young England and its friends take to dining in order to celebrate one of our well-known athletic contests. On such occasions the police are sorely tried, yet they seldom mistake post-prandial exuberance for drunken disorder. For them too, stolid by nature, the excitable foreigner might well prove a pitfall, yet they are not often found seriously in error. The facts of the cases of this nature show that they have exercised great forbearance and tact, and where a constable has gone wrong his mistake as a rule has been honestly made. Those who understand the ways of crowds know too well how quickly petty disorder, if not immediately checked, can grow into serious rioting; and if in the process of putting things right an occasional individual receives rough treatment, public safety more than weighs down personal grievances.

The most unfair and the most insidious charge which our self-constituted moralists levelled against the police was with respect to solicitation in the open streets. They roundly accused them of neglecting their duty in return for money considerations, either by direct bribery or the levy of blackmail. This charge has failed utterly, for not only has nothing been proved, but no single definite instance was even brought up for examination. In this matter the police have a very difficult and unpleasant duty to perform. Rightly or wrongly, in its

ostrich-like way the nation refuses to accept an arrangement long since adopted by every other great country, and consequently the police are compelled to take things as they find them. Immorality of this kind is not a crime known to our law, and can only be dealt with when accompanied by disorder or annoyance. What public opinion will not admit openly it tacitly allows, and the police deal with the peculiar position resulting with great tact and discretion. It is satisfactory to know that the parts of London concerned are now far more orderly and decent than they were even a few years ago.

It is often urged against the police that they show in the witness-box far too keen an anxiety to secure convictions. That this to a slight extent is true will be confirmed by those whose business takes them to criminal courts. The police witness as a rule knows his prisoner's antecedents, and if such are bad, he not unnaturally desires a conviction, hence it is difficult for him to be entirely impartial. On the other hand we do not believe there is much ground for the oft-repeated charge that promotion goes by conviction. Sir Edward Henry's evidence disproves this completely. It seems to be forgotten too that failure to secure a conviction might work even more potentially in the opposite direction. Not only may a constable fail to substantiate his case in open court but he may not even succeed in getting his inspector to accept it in the first instance. When an arrest is made both these chances have to be taken. Judges as well as magistrates take every opportunity of commenting on what they regard as unfairness in the witness-box, and so long as they continue this practice there is little chance of a prisoner suffering from what after all springs, as a rule, from not altogether unnatural professional anxiety. There is comfort too in the reflection that prejudice, when overdone, invariably defeats its end.

The Commissioners make practically but one recommendation. Complaints against the police should, they think, be the province of a special officer at Scotland Yard. The suggestion, if adopted, will probably save the force a lot of unpleasant office work, and they are not likely to resent the change. For our part we see no reason for any alteration at all, but possibly the conventions of our Constitution require Commissioners to justify their existence by recommending something, and this recommendation has, if nothing else, the merit of simplicity and harmlessness.

THE CITY.

THE appetite of the high financiers and foreign loan-mongers being apparently satisfied for the moment, British industrials are having a chance; and the past week has been notable for several flotations of the kind. Liptons offer 250,000 shares of £1 at a premium of 25 per cent., or £1 5s. The average distribution of dividends by this great concern during the ten years of its existence has been £168,849 per annum, and the average dividend received by the ordinary shares has been £8 7s. per cent. per annum. This is good enough; but we see no justification for the premium of 5s., which reduces the yield to a little over 6 per cent., because we think that a share of this kind ought to return between 8 and 10 per cent. to the investor, and for the following reasons. Liptons is essentially a one-man concern, and if anything happened to Sir Thomas Lipton it is impossible to say what might happen to the company. Secondly, all companies which deal in produce are speculative, because the prices of commodities fluctuate widely and frequently, tea and rubber particularly. The debentures and preference shares may be safe enough; but the ordinary shares are speculative, and ought to pay on their price at least 8 per cent. Our advice to our readers is to wait until they can buy Liptons' ordinary at par. Moss' Empires is also a one-man concern, being an amalgamation of music-halls, of which perhaps the London Hippodrome is the best known, conducted by the organising ability of Sir Edward Moss. Withdraw the brain of the organiser, and this large "combine" of places of amusement, with its £1,038,785 share capital and its debenture debt of £532,000, might fall into chaos. However, in this case £200,000 of 6 per cent. debentures are offered, with a specific first charge on

two music-halls or theatres in Birmingham, two in Glasgow, and one in Liverpool, for which £233,500 has been paid. These debentures are further secured by a second charge (being subject to £400,000 debentures at 4 per cent. already issued) on various music-halls and theatres in the provincial cities, which stand in the company's books at £1,548,934. Of course the obvious risk of such security is that if the premises are not successful as places of entertainment they are not valuable for any other purpose, and there is no separate valuation of the land, which in places like Bradford and Birmingham must be worth a good deal. Further, there are the average profits of the company, which during a period of eight years amount to £107,000 odd, after deducting £16,000 as the interest on the existing debentures. As the interest on the new debentures only requires £12,000 a year, there would appear to be little risk of a default, and such risk as there may be is, in our judgment, compensated by the high rate of interest, for it cannot be necessary to remind people that 6 per cent. and perfect safety do not go together. The Canadians have recently been asking for more money than we quite like. The issue of 250,000 preferred shares (£1) in the British Empire Trust at par is perhaps a little "cheeky", as they only bear 5 per cent. interest, and are non-cumulative, though profit-sharing with the ordinary shares. The present capital consists of £100,000 ordinary shares, on which 7 per cent. dividends have been paid; but as the company has only been in existence since 1902, and the prospectus gives us no details about investments, but merely a list of Canadian concerns for which it acts as trustee, together with an assurance that "it frequently receives offers of lucrative business", it seems to us that there is very little behind these preference shares except "trust", and that they ought to have been offered to the public at a much lower price. Seeing that one can buy the 5 per cent. preference of the Royal Mail at about 90, or Sansinena 5 per cent. debentures at 92, or Cordoba Central Buenos Ayres Extension bonds at 90, to say nothing of Russian Fives at 95, we do not feel tempted by the British Empire Trust preference at par.

The Law Guarantee Trust and Accident Society are issuing £500,000 First Mortgage Debenture Stock, bearing 4½ per cent. interest, at par. The stock is secured by a specific charge on £800,000 of the un-called capital of the company (which amounts to £1,800,000), and a floating charge on the whole undertaking and assets, which stood in the books of the society on 31 December 1907 at £929,214. The present issue is therefore secured three times over; and as some of the most eminent solicitors in London are on the board, the business is very safe. For a really sound investment, on which the most nervous might sleep, we have not seen anything better than these debentures for a long time.

The Cordoba Central Buenos Ayres Extension Railway is issuing £1,240,000 Five per Cent. Debentures at 90. As the interest is guaranteed by the Cordoba Central Railway, we should say it is a good bond, and will go to par as soon as this apparently interminable period of stagnation comes to an end.

The Manila Railway Company (1906) is issuing £1,250,000 Four per Cent. Debenture Bonds at £83 per cent., and the British Aluminium Company, Limited, is issuing £700,000 Four per Cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN THE FAUBOURG.—VI.

(Concluding Article.)

THE "JEUNE FILLE".

By ÉMIGRÉ.

THERE is a good deal of cynicism in French literature, and this cynicism misleads the English reader who imagines when he has read the fashionable novel of the day that French society is essentially corrupt. This is a great mistake, for there is really little or no difference between English and French morality except that the Frenchman represents French society as far worse while the Englishman is disposed to picture English society as somewhat better than it really is. In one

respect it may however be argued that the French novelist is truthful. He respects the "jeune fille" and regards her as sacred. We therefore hardly ever hear any suggestion that a French girl can go wrong before her marriage; for such a calamity is extremely rare. There may not be as much love between husband and wife as there is in England; but the French mother is intensely devoted to her children and does all she can to bring them up carefully. This sentiment is on the increase. In the old days which preceded the French Revolution they were put out to nurse until they reached the age of four or five. The parents were at Court from one year's end to the other and could pay but little attention to their family. The children were then kept in the nursery until they went either to school or convent and remained there until it became their duty to make the marriage which had been often planned for them by their parents, if not at their births at least many years in advance, a marriage which had often to be solemnised between two people who had never met in their lives before. This has very much changed, especially since marriages between the faubourg and the bourgeoisie have been more frequent. The bourgeoisie of France is essentially maternal. Its mothers have on the whole but few worldly duties, and their whole time—perhaps too much time according to our ideas—is taken up with the cares of their household and of their children. Many mothers now who belong to the smartest set go into the smallest details of their children's education. Home education has "caught on" marvellously, and is a subject of endless conversation. If at any moment there is a pause, it may be broached with safety, and the dullest mother immediately takes a lively interest in the development of all her favourite theories of what ought, and especially of what ought not, to be taught her children. Until lately this duty was undertaken by the convents, but the suppression of religious orders in France has induced many parents who were in the past accustomed to delegate all their responsibility to bring up their children at home. Moreover, those who were accustomed, although they brought up their children at home, to send their children to convents to prepare for their first communion, now undertake this duty personally or see that it is carried out by some neighbouring priest under their own supervision. Governesses are engaged, but the mother is constantly interfering, for the French mother is, when once her maternal feelings have been roused, extremely jealous. She will put up with a nurse, but the governess is a person who needs watching. Education is under her constant supervision. The Bible is never put into a child's hands. Scriptural history is very much bowdlerised, and no story is told in the works reserved for the young that would imply that any of the kings of Judæa had ever been guilty of the slightest indiscretion. The expurgation of profane history is still more complete, and the average French girl grows up with no idea that any scandal ever occurred in the days of the Bourbon kings. As the "jeune fille" advances in years she may have male professors of history, Latin, dancing, or music; but no carefully brought-up girl is ever left alone with a professor. If she wishes to pass examinations and has to attend courses of lectures, she is always accompanied by her governess, who is bound to report if anything in any shape or form bordering upon impropriety has been said. When, therefore, a French girl first goes into the world she knows very little. There may not be much harm in the language which Frenchmen are fond of using when they talk to young married women; but their jokes frequently savour of impropriety, and the society of young girls is therefore irksome. They have to restrain themselves, and a young Frenchman who is not bent upon marrying will very rarely choose the society of girls who are kept very much to themselves. Unless a man is a brother, or very nearly related, he cannot become very friendly with a girl—at least one who has been well brought up. An Englishman often makes the mistake of imagining that because he is intimate with a family he can therefore make friends with the girls. Progress is at work, and this is now easier than it was, at least in those families which profess to move with the times; but the smallest intimacy may at any moment, if he is

badly off, put an end to the friendship, and if he is well off expose him to being asked what are his intentions. He must therefore be very careful and circumspect as to what he does and says. In the country far more is allowed than in Paris, where it would be almost impossible for any young man to be asked to stay in the same house with young girls. I was recently staying in a house where my hostess was going to ask several young girls to breakfast, but no man was asked to meet them. I asked why, and I was informed that their parents would never hear of it. I might be allowed to be there, as I was an old married man, but had I been a bachelor this would have been impossible. A dinner party is, of course, a much more public affair, and a man may take a girl in to dinner, but it is quite common to see the young women of the house with two or three girl friends occupying one side or corner of the table. At a dance things have much changed of late years. There was a time when the mothers sat round the ball-room whilst their daughters sat on chairs in front of them. If a young man wished to dance with a girl he had first to be introduced to the mother before he could ask to be introduced to the daughter. He then was allowed to waltz four or five times round the room after he had reserved his partner's place by depositing his opera-hat upon her chair. Later on he might lead her to the buffet, but no well-brought-up girl would venture to go there until she was sure that her mother had already had her supper. A very careful mother would take her chair bodily from one room to the other so as to be perfectly certain that everything was all right. These time-honoured customs are dying out. The two rows of chairs have been suppressed except in some very old-fashioned houses, and opera-hats are no longer worn. The mothers remain in one room, where however they can if necessary keep their eyes upon their daughters, who are no longer brought back to their watchful care at the end of each dance. The girls remain for the most part in a separate room, where they wait for their partners. There is little or no sitting out behind screens or on the staircase. A great advance has, it is true, been made, but nothing like the same liberty exists in France that we regard as perfectly natural in England. Outside balls and afternoon teas the French girl sees but little of the gay world. She can moreover nearly always be distinguished from the married woman. At one time the French girl who shook hands with a married woman, especially one much older than herself, only spoke when she was spoken to and began and ended the conversation with an elaborate curtsy. This has degenerated into a bob and has been dropped altogether by some very advanced young women, but this is the exception and is still severely criticised.

The girl herself also looks upon parental supervision as part of the parents' *raison d'être*, for she knows it is essential to her own marriage. A short time ago a French girl was telling an Englishman how her father complained of having every night to remain in ball-rooms until four o'clock in the morning. The Englishman replied that he would never marry if he thought that such a fate could ever be reserved for him. The girl was amazed. "Why should he not do so? Is he not there for that?" And this notwithstanding the fact that her parent, who was a noted philanthropist, got up every morning at eight o'clock to visit the poor, and is therefore forced by circumstances to put up with four hours' sleep every night.

When the French girl has to be married she has, at least in theory, little or nothing to say in the matter. Sordid considerations are bound to come to the fore, and Frenchmen do not like the idea that their girls' primæval innocence shall be disturbed by being brought into touch with such a low aspect of life. There is a strong feeling that parents should be in a situation to give their children when they marry at least half of that which they will get later on. Parents are therefore bound to save for many years in advance if they wish to preserve their own worldly situation by giving their daughters a proper dot. The compulsory subdivision of property has eliminated large fortunes amongst the men. Few young men have been brought up to do any remunerative work. Both young men and young women must therefore receive a substantial

endowment when they marry. Hence the parents must receive some return for the sacrifices which they have made in the past. A marriage becomes a bargain in which the fortunes of each side have to be weighed, and it is considered that the "jeune fille" should know nothing of all this haggling. Should the marriage fall through, the purity of her mind, her singleness of purpose will not have been sullied by contact with the stern realities of everyday life. There is, it is true, a great deal of difference between theory and practice. French girls know a lot more of what is going on than appears on the surface, especially now that the French parent is supposed to tell her daughter that she will not be bound to accept anyone who is positively repugnant to her. The fact is we are in a state of transition, and some old-fashioned people are very much perturbed as to where it will lead. There is hardly a French family that has not made some alliance with America, and the introduction of the American heiress has been making a slow and gradual change. Many of these Americans are extremely adaptable and take up the manners and customs of the country of their adoption with all the fervour of converts. Some American mothers are more particular in this respect than French women, but the leaven is bound to assert itself, and liberty is slowly developing through the contact of the daughter of these unions, particularly if she has a mind of her own, with her American cousins. The progress is however very slow and gradual, especially if we make allowances for all that is going on in other countries; but it is in the ordinary nature of things. In some respects the French "jeune fille" is stagnant. She hears vague rumours of Women's Rights, of "suffragettes" and of "le féminisme" as it is advocated by the "Fronde", but it makes little or no impression on her mind. Up to this no one has arisen within the sacred walls of the Faubourg who has produced the slightest movement in this direction. The "jeune fille" who is brought up on the same rigid lines in the provinces is equally impervious to the effect of this propaganda. There may be small changes here and there, there may be rumours whose isolation proves the rule of a deviation from the code that has been hitherto rigidly observed, but the French "jeune fille" still remains what she always was, the one sacred object which no French novelist of repute will ever venture to doubt, the most innocent specimen of her kind on the Continent of Europe.

THE UNIVERSITY ELEVENS.

By P. F. WARNER.

"NO human institution is perfect; it will always tend to excess or defect. But how perfect in its own way is cricket, and especially Oxford and Cambridge cricket. It is a game which keeps boys out of mischief. It is a training of youth for a manly life. It lays up a store of strength and health against old age. It makes individual men-lifelong friends. It unites whole schools and universities. Learning itself has gradually learnt to take up a different attitude towards cricket. It has discovered that the waste of time formerly imputed to cricket is really due to frivolity, that cricket is consistent with study, and that the cricketer makes a good schoolmaster. The truth is, that athletics are an integral part and a powerful support of all education; they make it popular. Oxford and Cambridge are like twin stars shedding the light of learning from a distance. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race and cricket match are the two anchors of the Universities in the heart of the English people." Thus writes Professor Case in the "Jubilee Book of Cricket", and those whose good fortune it has been to represent either Oxford or Cambridge know full well that the Professor has not exaggerated the influence for good which cricket exerts, and at this time of year when the footsteps of the great army of Old Blues turn instinctively towards Lord's, what a flood of memories come surging back to the mind—memories of pleasant companions, some of them, alas! gone for ever; of keen matches; of delightful dinners at Vincent's or the Pitt after those matches; of the cricket "shop" that was talked.

Small wonder is it then that, no matter what distinctions he may have attained in the world after going down, the heart of the Old Blue beats a shade faster than usual as he hastens to Lord's. Cricketers are not, as a rule, unsympathetic, and the Old Blue will recall his own feelings in his first 'Varsity match, and be unwilling to judge harshly the New Blue who shows evident signs of anxiety. For the 'Varsity match is the most trying ordeal a cricketer has to face. England v. Australia is far less nervous work. For there the age of the players is much greater, and they have been steeled to such contests by experience. There is a glamour, too, about Oxford v. Cambridge which nothing seems able to alter. May it ever be so; for though the match cannot boast of so long a history as Gentlemen v. Players, it has been played on and off since 1827, and the best traditions of cricket centre round it.

Given fine weather and an equal distribution of that mysterious but none the less very real factor the luck of the game, there ought to be an even light next week with the odds slightly in favour of Oxford because of the greater strength and variety of their bowling. At the beginning of the season nearly everyone thought that the Oxford captain would be able to get together a really good eleven, but though the bowling in the hands of Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Hatfield has in almost every match been satisfactory, the batsmen have not come on so much as had been hoped, and there have been weak spots at times in the fielding and wicket-keeping. The best batsman at Oxford is undoubtedly Mr. G. N. Foster, who is a really first-class player with a further recommendation in his brilliant slip fielding. Mr. E. L. Wright, the captain, is a sound and determined batsman with a happy knack of coming off at Lord's, while Mr. Bowring has a good style and plenty of strokes. Round these three men the strength of the batting is concentrated, and as the "tail" of the eleven showed very good form against Surrey, Oxford may with reason be considered a good batting side.

Cambridge have a really good batsman in Mr. R. A. Young, their captain, who, like Mr. E. L. Wright, is generally seen at his best in this match, and Mr. Buchanan is capable of playing a brilliant innings; but as a whole they cannot be called anything more than a fair batting side. Their chief hope of victory lies in Mr. Olivier, a really good fast to medium paced bowler who might win the match for them, while in direct contrast to his style is the slow leg-break bowling of Mr. Goodwin. A slow leg-breaker is often a very good man to have on your side, for the successful playing of him demands the confidence to go out and meet him; and in the 'Varsity match nerves play an important part. The wickets in dry weather at Lord's are very fast indeed, and a leg-break bowler who can keep a length ought to be able to make the ball spin quickly off the pitch. To help Mr. Olivier and Mr. Goodwin the Cambridge captain has Mr. Lyttelton, a steady medium-paced right-hand bowler, and Mr. McLeod, who sends down an occasional good ball which goes quickly with his arm.

As a fielding side Cambridge are better than Oxford, Mr. C. C. G. Wright and Mr. McLeod, the famous Rugby footballers, being especially good. Mr. Wright, indeed, almost rivals Mr. Jessop as a cover point, and Mr. McLeod runs as fast in the long field as he does on the three-quarter line; and it is curious how many Rugby football players, particularly half and three-quarter backs, are exceptionally good fielders.

On the whole we shall be surprised if Oxford do not win, should the match be played on a hard and true wicket, and we shall be still more surprised if they do not win on a wet wicket, for in that case the bowling of Mr. Gilbert, a really clever bowler, who, like Mr. Spofforth of old, is said to lie awake at nights wondering how he may compass the downfall of the opposing batsmen, ought to be very difficult. On a wet wicket last year Mr. Gilbert very nearly won the match for a weak Oxford eleven, and this year under similar conditions he should be certain of doing so. The favourite at cricket, as in other games and sports, is often defeated, but if form be any guide Oxford ought to win the University match of 1908.

AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

A FEW nights ago, I saw, for the first time, Miss Maud Allan dancing. Many people, of course, during the past two months, had spoken to me about her performance, rapturously; but no one had offered to take me to see it; and I, so lazy and incurious am I, had not gone of my own accord. I wish I could now atone for this omission by echoing those raptures. I am loth to add boorishness to my other defects. But confess I must that when Miss Maud Allan's performance drew to an end I found myself somehow reminded of the fable of the Emperor's new clothes. You remember how there came to the Emperor's palace a certain weaver, who promised to weave for the Emperor a suit which would be visible only to honest people; and how he set up his loom, and wove and wove, and how none of the courtiers could discern a single thread, yet all were loud in their praises of the fabric; and how, when the time came for the Emperor to sally forth, thus arrayed, through the streets of the capital, the people vied with one another in acclaiming the fabric's beauty, and all went well until one little child innocently exclaimed, "The Emperor has nothing on".

Well, it cannot be said of Miss Allan that she has nothing on. She has not, indeed, very much on; and not all of that is opaque; and I daresay that of the many thousands of people who have flocked to the Palace Theatre, a few scores of people have been attracted by a vague notion of impropriety. If so, they must have been disappointed. Propriety and impropriety are not things that can be determined according to quantity or quality of clothing. The gauge is a subtler one than that, depending on physical shape, movement, gesture, and so on. I can imagine cases in which it would be very difficult to decide whether propriety were violated or not. Miss Allan's is, quite obviously, to any normal spectator, no such case; and if the gentleman who travels on behalf of the Manchester Watch Committee was really sincere in his decision that Miss Allan's dancing was unfit for Manchester, he had better go and blow his brains out at once, for his sensibilities must be such as to be shocked by anything under the sky. The question is not of Miss Allan's propriety, but of her genius. Are people really so thrilled as they seem to be? Or are their raptures, like those of the Emperor's subjects, merely a form of timidity? I would no more say figuratively than I would literally that this Empress has nothing on. Having received from nature the gift of grace, she has very evidently studied hard to develop it: she has developed it very charmingly. But to me certainly her equipment seems as "nothing" when I remember the descriptions of it that have been showered on me. As I was entering the theatre, my eye was arrested by a placard which proclaimed that "all the noblest arts, the music of the masters, the rhythm of imaginary poems, the triumphs of Greek sculpture and of Botticelli's brush" were summed up in Miss Allan. And these words, excerpted from a newspaper, were but a slightly coloured version of what so many people had been dinning into my ears. Or rather, as I am now inclined to believe, those oral ravings had been but the reflex of a journalistic boom.

On the evening of my visit, Miss Allan did two dances. The first was to the music of the "Valse Caprice", and seemed to me very pretty: that and no more. Now and again the dancer ran hither and thither as though trying to escape from some one, and once she fell as in a swoon, but for the rest her movements seemed to me decidedly lacking in caprice, pre-eminently regular, in contrast with the mood of the music. The undulations of the outstretched arms, the wrists wavering to the finger-tips, create a very pretty effect; but they are, of course, just as purely a convention as are the tip-toe pirouettes of the familiar ballerina. They mean nothing; and, as they go on without intermission, it follows that Miss Allan expresses no more with her arms than does Mlle. Genée with her legs. Mlle. Genée shines among ballerine by her inalienable power of expressing a thousand quick meanings through her face and her arms. The movements of

Miss Allan's legs are prettily rhythmic, but I failed to read any meaning into them; and her face is one which signifies merely youth, sweetness, composure, self-confidence, and other virtues of a static rather than dramatic kind. Her "interpretation" of Rubinstein's capricious dance seemed to me, in fact, very inadequate; but not so saliently inadequate as her "interpretation" of "The Vision of Salomé". Here the thing to be interpreted is no mere interplay of moods, but a grim and definite tragedy, a terrible character, a terrible deed. It is said of Miss Allan's Salomé by an ardent pamphleteer that "the desire that flames from her eyes and bursts in hot gusts from her scarlet mouth infects the very air with the madness of passion". For my own part, I cannot imagine a more lady-like performance. It is true that Miss Allan's lips, like the lips of any other lady appearing on the stage, are painted red; but the rest of the quoted passage is wildly untrue to fact. Miss Allan performs a mild quasi-Oriental dance, the head of John the Baptist appears on the cistern, the dancer takes it squeamishly, sets it in the centre of the stage, performs around it another mild quasi-Oriental dance, overcomes her repugnance, hears some one coming, puts the head behind her, pops it back into the cistern, dances again, and finally repeats the swoon she did in the "Valse Caprice". Of course, if the head were shown distinctly to us as a realistic head, not all the prettiness of Miss Allan's dancing could save us a sharp qualm of physical disgust. What is shown to us—and rightly—is a dim convention for a head, whereby, if Miss Allan had an ounce of tragedy in her, we should be illuded and appalled. As it is, we sit quite comfortably, admiring the prettiness of Miss Allan's dancing.

Some six or seven years ago, there arrived in London a certain Miss Isidora Duncan. She danced one evening at the New Gallery, where she made a moderate sensation, but did not succeed in obtaining a public engagement. After that, she had a great success in Paris; and for the past few years has been "the rage" in Berlin and Munich. It is not, I think, disputed that she was the originator of the method of dancing that is practised by Miss Allan. And such people as have seen her dance seem to be agreed that Miss Allan's dancing is by far the less remarkable. I do not bemoan the case of Miss Duncan, since she has become so great a success elsewhere. Nor do I grudge Miss Allan her success, since she certainly deserves to succeed—up to a point. I merely contrast the fates of these two ladies in London, as an amusing instance of the power of mere fluke in human affairs.

P.S.—I have just heard that Miss Duncan is forthwith to re-appear in London, under the auspices of that always paulo-post-enterprising and ridiculous manager, Mr. Charles Frohman. Miss Duncan, in fact, has become through Miss Allan a marketable commodity. Irony needed but that.

THE IDEAL HENLEY.

BY REGINALD P. P. ROWE.

THERE are many who think that Henley Regatta as it has been this year, undisturbed by foreign entries or a Leander crew of such strength as to make the competition of other English clubs for the Grand useless, is Henley as it should be. There is much to be said for this contention. The absence of Leander and the foreigners has certainly changed the character of the meeting, but only to restore it to what it was before the irruption of competitors from overseas acted with unforeseen and revolutionary effect. The falling-off in modern English oarsmanship is a generally accepted fact. Mr. Guy Nickalls in a recent article has ascribed it to the softer upbringing of youth, to the over-organisation of games at the public schools, and to golf. There is much truth in what Mr. Nickalls says, but there is another factor which in a different way has probably had a disastrous influence on English rowing. I refer to the gradual internationalisation of Henley, which from 1895 onwards has been in progress with increasing effect.

From the time of the creation of the Metropolitan

rowing clubs till 1895 Henley Regatta had been the one important battlefield for English oarsmanship. It was the great English inter-club competition of the year. In those earlier days the Grand was a very open affair, and victory in this most important of English races was on the whole divided fairly equally between the Thames and London rowing clubs and crews representing the Oxford and Cambridge element. It must be borne in mind that in a broad sense there are two distinct nurseries of English oarsmanship—the Universities and the Metropolitan clubs. Leander, as an organisation composed almost entirely of University men past and present, should be included under the first heading, and the other rowing clubs scattered over the country may for the purpose of the argument be added under the latter. Now while Henley remained an English regatta pure and simple, it provided opportunity for the meeting of representatives of these two divisions of rowing men. No other regatta either offered a like advantage then, or offers it to-day, partly because of the prestige which Henley has attained, and partly because this fixture takes place at the only time of year when such a meeting of diverse elements is practicable, at the end of the University rowing season and near the beginning of that of the Metropolitan clubs. The subsequent regattas of the year are patronised almost exclusively by the Metropolitans for the simple reason that college oarsmen, who have been racing at frequent intervals from October to June, cannot possibly stand the strain of rowing through the later summer as well. In 1895, as I have said, the internationalisation of Henley began. Its effect in my opinion has been disastrous in the extreme, because it has destroyed the character of the regatta, and has to a great extent prevented it from supplying a need which it formerly supplied, and which still exists. It is indisputable that since 1894 the standard of rowing in the London and Thames clubs has lamentably declined. It is true that in this present year Thames have shown an advance. But is not this perhaps the first-fruits of Henley as it should be—Henley after a lapse of fourteen years once again an English regatta? What inducement has there been during at any rate the latter part of that period to draw the city youth from the primrose path of golf to the laborious life of the oar under the banner of Thames or London? In the old days there was always a chance of his gaining a distinction worth toiling for by rowing in a winning Grand Challenge Cup crew, after defeating the pick of college oarsmen. Latterly the most he could hope for would be a possible win in the Thames Cup—a second-rate race competed for only by the Metropolitan second eights and inferior college crews—and this only if he were not good enough to get into his club's first boat. But granted that foreign competition has ruined the chances and thereby the oarsmanship of the London clubs, it may still be argued that it has had no such effect on University rowing. It is true that the college boat clubs have not been so overwhelmingly affected, because rowing at Oxford and Cambridge is less dependent for stimulus on Henley Regatta and will always be kept vital by the keenness of inter-college competition on the Cam and the Isis and by the University Boatrace. At the same time the standard of oarsmanship at the Universities has fallen to a low level, and it is not unreasonable to ascribe this deterioration at least in part to the foreign entries at Henley. Owing to other countries sending year after year crews of almost national strength it has been necessary, at least in some instances, to stiffen Leander by spoiling the colleges. Moreover, as in the case of the Metropolitans, the incentive to enter for the Grand has been lessened by the ultra-severe standard of competition.

Apart from all this there is another very practical consideration which tells against the admission of foreign and colonial crews to Henley. Indirectly the whole question of amateurism in rowing is involved in it. No one who has inside knowledge on the subject will question the value of keeping the thin end of the professional wedge out of English amateur oarsmanship. Incidentally I should like to argue that the whole tendency of the general internationalisation of sport that is going on everywhere is in the direction of professionalism in that it is making a business of pleasure.

But this over-organisation of games and consequent application to them of business principles is a large subject, and I will not attempt to deal with it here. With regard to amateurism at Henley the difficulty is direct and of a practical character. To keep English rowing pure of professionalism, or semi-professionalism, which is almost as bad, it has been found necessary to draw up and adhere to a strict definition of the word "amateur". Now the Henley stewards have found it very difficult indeed to test adequately the qualifications of foreign and colonial entrants in the necessarily short time available. It is an open secret that competitors from across the water have taken part at Henley Regatta who have had no claim to the title amateur as we understand it, but their absence of qualification has only been discovered after the event. This may appear to many a graver objection to the admission of foreigners to Henley than that which I first suggested. It is at any rate quite indisputable, whereas the question whether the removal of the Grand to a higher sphere of competition has or has not been largely responsible for the deterioration of English rowing must remain to some extent a matter of theory. With reference to this theory there is a point which perhaps needs further explanation. It may be urged that raising the class of the Grand should not necessarily be a bad thing for oarsmanship, and that if we are frightened of foreign competition it does not say much for our own skill. The truth is this. A foreign crew, often representing a combination of clubs, only takes the trouble to come to Henley when it is exceptionally strong. It is generally about the best crew that the country from which it hails could produce. This eight is pitted against English oarsmen divided into a number of different crews each representing a single club. The only alternative is that every year Leander should be strengthened to a virtually international standard at the expense of the colleges. The issue therefore is clear. If international rowing is to be directly encouraged, it should have a separate regatta of its own fixed for a date that will not interfere with club competition at Henley. If it need not be encouraged to this extent, privately arranged international matches should do all that is necessary to satisfy the ambition of the foreigner and enable us from time to time to compare our form with that of the crews of other nations. In either case Henley could be kept a purely English regatta. What would become of county cricket, to take an almost parallel example, if foreign nations and colonial continents were allowed to compete annually for the county championship? The parallel, I admit, does not appear to fit because the championship referred to happens to be labelled "County". But the discrepancy is one in name only. The Grand, it is true, has not been specifically entitled the English Club Championship, but in actual fact that was the function which it performed previous to 1895. At any rate there is no other English Club Championship, and the internationalisation of this race has meant the destruction of English inter-club competition. There is practically no other first-class event for which English clubs can enter.

To sum up, I wish to point out that there are two very strong reasons why Henley should in future be closed to foreign and colonial entries. They are as follows. The internationalisation of the Grand is largely responsible for the ruin of metropolitan rowing, and has seriously affected for the worse college rowing and in consequence University rowing. The admission of competitors from distant countries is indirectly a standing menace to amateurism. If the Henley stewards have the courage of what I believe to be the convictions of most of them they will, after the marked success of this year's regatta in its encouragement of college entries, bar the road to foreign and colonial competitors for the future. If they do so, it will mean a return to the ideal Henley of former years and should lead to a marked improvement in English oarsmanship. If they do not, there is good reason to fear that the club rowing of the country may go from bad to worse.

TWO BEAUTIFUL ARTS.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

IT so happens that London this month offers a rare opportunity for studying two arts, each of singular beauty and each a completed chapter of history, in a collection of examples of the finest quality. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club is an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, which displays the art of the miniaturists of mediæval Europe from its infancy to its gorgeous climax and its rich decay; while at Mr. Paterson's in Bond Street may be seen a collection of Japanese woodcuts, small indeed in extent but quite remarkable in quality, and finely illustrating, if not the whole range of the art, at least some of its most splendid phases.

In one respect these two arts were very dissimilar. The scribes and the painters who produced the magnificent decorated manuscripts of our Middle Ages worked for Church or Court, spending years of love and labour on a single sumptuous volume. Theirs was an art of cost and richness. The colour-prints of Japan, on the contrary, were produced in immense numbers and sold for a few pence; they were made by artisans for the populace, as a cheap substitute for pictures, and totally despised by the upper classes. Yet for exquisiteness of workmanship the finest of these prints compare with the most beautiful missals of Europe. Again, there is a contrast in sphere of subject. The miniaturists painted the images of sacred story and tradition; only in the later periods did they illustrate also scenes and occupations of contemporary life, which formed almost the whole material of the print-designers of Japan. Yet here again the contrast is more apparent than real. For the more these Japanese prints are studied, the more does one realise how closely rooted they are, not only in the traditional art of their nation but in its life, its beliefs, its poetry and legend. Countless are the woodcuts which, though to our eyes they seem to be merely illustrating some scene of daily life, really have their point and motive in a sort of hidden by-play and allusive parallel to the consecrated subjects of the classic art of Japan. Conversely, in Europe, the mediæval illuminators of the fifteenth century, ostensibly illustrating books of ritual and devotion, delighted in inventing pretexts for portraying in the liveliest manner the ways and doings of the life around them.

Considered purely as art, the progress of development in each case provides a curious parallel. The design of the early miniaturists springs out of the last remnants of the traditions of classic painting. The design of the early masters of the colour-print in Japan springs out of an equally long tradition of pictorial art in Asia. Look at the one or two examples of the Primitives in Mr. Paterson's gallery, made before colour-printing was invented. What a robust simplicity and energy of design! Just the same qualities are to be seen at the Burlington Club in such an early manuscript as the strongly outlined figure of S. John, in the ninth-century German Gospels (No. 13). Here the artist seeks a rhythmical and symbolic expression. At the other end of the scale we get the late development of naturalism, represented in the one exhibition by charming Flemish work like the miniatures of Simon Binnick, in the other by the landscapes of Hiroshige. But in the case of both these arts, it is colour that is the paramount attraction. Each in its own way and within its own limits exhibits the charm of colour and the resources of the colourist to perfection. The finest of the European illuminations and the finest of the Japanese woodcuts display a beauty of invention in the harmonies of colour which raises them to the level of the noble painting. We need not draw comparisons. In Europe the scribe and the illuminator conspired to get the utmost beauty of colour possible from ink and rich pigments and lustrous gold, laid upon the fine texture of the vellum page. Effects now of magnificent solemnity, now of spiritual radiance, now of vernal gaiety, delight our eyes. And then, when we pass to Japan, what a new world opens of the possibilities of colour! Where in all pictorial art is there anything like the delicacies of rose and gray, of purple and gray, of green and citron, and of all sorts of unguessed-at harmonies, that make a Japanese print of the golden period supreme in its own kind? The names of colours

take on new meanings in these marvellous woodcuts, where the colour lies suffused into the substance of absorbent paper, subtly enriched with blind-embossed patterning, and heightened often by bold masses of a superb contrasting black. To each art degeneration came in the same way. The desire for greater splendour and richness led to the use of many and bright colours for their own sake, and to the inevitable loss of harmony and controlling idea. The introduction of carmine tints among the reds produced in either case unhappy results. But the miniatures of Europe never reached the depths of vulgarity which engulfed the latest period of the colour-print in Japan. The woodcuts of about 1860 are of a colour to set one's teeth on edge; they are simply frightful. Mr. Paterson, in his little exhibition, spares us anything even approaching this stage of decay; he shows nothing even of the powerful, though degenerate, Kunisada. In Europe, on the other hand, there were strong influences at work in the general tendencies of art during the fifteenth century which quickly undermined the specific beauty of book-decoration. The Renaissance changed the painter's aims and ideals toward vivid and complete realisation of scenes and events; the decorative sense was lost or weakened in the endeavour to portray. In Italy especially, where the miniaturists followed in the wake of the great painters, this was so. In the North, in France and in Flanders, the painting of pictures had grown out of the illumination of manuscripts; and the feeling for beauty of detail which finds natural outlet in the flowered borders of pages is equally characteristic of Northern painting. So that we are not conscious of any dwarfing of scale or incongruous limitation in such delightful landscapes with figures as those by the brothers De Limbourg in the incomparable Book of Hours at Chantilly; even though the vividness of portrayal is not strictly congenial to the conditions of the written page, each design becomes in fact an independent painting. As such, the framed illumination of the Month of May by Simon Binnick (No. 231) is a pure delight. The grave and abstract blue and gold decoration of a superb manuscript in the case opposite is doubtless of a nobler style: but who would for a moment lose one of these enchanting pages of mediæval life, painted with such freshness, delicacy and animation? As the introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition truly says, it is to book-decoration that we must turn for the most abundant and authentic, as also the best preserved, pictorial art of the Middle Ages, only now, since Ruskin and Morris, beginning to be appreciated justly. We owe this catalogue and its introduction to Mr. Sydney Cockerell, the newly appointed director of the Fitzwilliam Museum. The catalogue, which must have cost enormous labour, is in itself a work of high and permanent value; and Mr. Cockerell deserves all the congratulations he has had on the organisation of an exhibition probably the most important and representative of its kind ever held. The exhibits range from the ninth to the sixteenth century. The collection is especially rich in works of the English school, more than eighty of which are shown. Its great time was from the ninth to the twelfth century. Mr. Cockerell tells us that its supremacy in Europe was such that till the first quarter of the thirteenth century English manuscripts were commissioned and sought for by the rich nobles of the Continent. How strange are the lapses and lethargies of the English genius! Later, it was English music which was so prized abroad; and again later, English acting carried the fame of our theatre over Europe. But since, what long apathy and disbelief, fostered by the race of connoisseurs, in the capacity of the English for art! It seems that we pay for aggressiveness in action by timidity and indolence in production. Everyone who can should go and see these splendid English manuscripts.

That conception of life and its round of seasons as a natural order of festival and fast which gives such colour to mediæval existence—witness the garlanded heads of those who celebrate the Maytime in Simon Binnick's miniature—has its counterpart in the Far East, and prompts a hundred motives in the colour-prints of Japan. Look at the beautiful five-sheet print by Kiyonaga in Mr. Paterson's gallery. What a fairy-land it seems, where these girls stroll, adorning the

spring, under the rosy clouds of cherry-blossom! It seems incredible that real life could have ever been like this. Yet it was so; and no less than European illuminations these colour-prints mirror the daily existence of a people in every detail. They were bought for their subjects, as we buy our illustrated papers. But, for us, subject is almost forgotten in the entrancing wealth of colour and design. Mr. Paterson's exhibition is quite small; it does not aim at being representative or complete, but it is notable for the rarities and choice impressions it contains. Among these is the famous silkworm set, in twelve sheets, by Utamaro. It is perhaps a little rash to describe this as the finest existing impression, as the catalogue does; but it is a very fine impression indeed, and in a wonderful state of preservation. The colour scheme of purple, blue, and green, relieved by pale yellow and grey, is as unusual as it is perfect. Opposite hangs another marvellous set by Utamaro, the Procession of Korean Envoys imitated by girls; another precious rarity. Of the exquisite Harunobu there is only one example, but that quite lovely. A girl holds a mouse in her hands, while a cat casts baffled looks up at her from the floor. It is one of the tall, narrow "pillar-prints", in which Harunobu excelled. Among later masters Hokusai is represented chiefly by the delicate "surimons" which are now so difficult to find in anything like a passable impression. But Hiroshige is seen at the height of his achievement, in two of his most famous triptychs and in the beautiful and very rare "Monkey Bridge". These three prints are among the landscape masterpieces of the world. The triptych of moonlight on lake and distant hills is a miracle, when one considers the means by which this subtle gradation and depth of atmosphere were produced from knife-cut wood blocks. But the snowy mountains and cold blue sea of its companion are a grander conception; here for once Hiroshige rises to something of the elemental simplicity of Hokusai.

Were it not for the difficulty of keeping pace with the summer shows, I should before this have written of Sir William Eden's water-colours at the Goupil Gallery. Even now—though the exhibition closes this week—I must say a tardy word. Sir William Eden has the best quality of the amateur, genuine enjoyment of his art. He has also a fine sense for beauties of nature that escape the common eye; and what he lacks in force as a draughtsman and in resource as a designer may be forgiven because of the truth and attractiveness of his impressions. His subjects are taken from the East, the Riviera, and England. Though perhaps the best and strongest of these water-colours are some drawings of great pine-trees at Valescure (notably No. 66), yet there is a more intimate feeling in themes found nearer home; and none is seen with more delicacy than the "London from the Savoy Hotel" (No. 61). "Wemmergill: Sunset" is equally a success in another mood. Sir William Eden is less interested in draughtsmanship, which in his work seems often intentionally structureless, than in subtle tones of colour; his use of the medium is never laboriously tame, and his vision is always fresh and sensitive.

NORTHUMBRIA.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

NORTHUMBERLAND is very unlike the other counties. That is its distinction, not its fault. The fault lies with the other counties: if they were not so widely different from Northumberland, Northumberland would be more like them—and not half so proud of itself. Northumbrians are mighty proud of everything Northumbrian, including themselves. Long before Sir W. S. Gilbert wrote his first libretto they were thanking their stars they belonged to no other county. Not peculiarly sensitive to beautiful scenery, they are flattered if you admire their own; taking small interest in ruins and immemorial landmarks, they regard the curiosity of antiquaries and sight-seers about these things as a subtle form of homage to themselves. They are proud of scenery, ruins, inhabitants and the customs of inhabitants, not for

their own sake, but because they are Northumbrian. A thing Northumbrian is at once the thing appraised and the standard applied: other things are good or bad just in so far as they tally with or differ from things Northumbrian. Or perhaps it would be better to own frankly that a thing must be Northumbrian to be any good at all. Northumberland is happy because it is different from other counties: it scorns those others because they are different from Northumberland. Local patriotism is a hardy plant of somewhat exuberant growth.

Northumberland, however, evidently has admirers who are not Northumbrian. Here is a fat volume on the county by Mr. A. G. Bradley.* Mr. Bradley scarcely shows a proper spirit of contrition for not being born a Northumbrian; on the other hand, neither does he foolishly glory in his misfortune; and, above all, he finds our county interesting. He has written a book about us—a chatty, even garrulous, but eminently readable book. To be sure, he might have done justice to his predecessors in the field. For instance, had he stayed in Newcastle a little longer he could not have failed to find Mr. Tomlinson's excellent Guide, which contains nearly all Mr. Bradley has to tell us. From a book written by a relative of mine a quarter of a century ago, "The Romance of the Coast", he might have culled something. And, while I am finding fault, let me protest against the illustrations. Their greenery-yellow hue suggests a bad imitation of cheap German oleographs; but my main objection is that this kind of colour is not in the least characteristic of any part of Northumberland. At times Northumberland is grey, or black, or almost colourless; at times it is gorgeously rich, or sombre purple and dark green; and the sea is either grey or of an almost Mediterranean ultramarine. The yolks of three eggs beaten up with half-a-pint of Aspinall's best green enamel may represent some counties: it is a libel on mine. As for Mr. Southgate's drawing, my memory for such matters is not good enough to justify me in saying he is always inaccurate. In one case, however, he is flagrantly so. Mr. Bradley harps on Dunstanboro' Castle, jutting formidably into the sea and towering forbidding on its high cliff. Now turn to Mr. Southgate's drawing. He has with rare perversity sought out a point of view from which nothing of the imposing in the castle is visible. No one would dream that this feeble building nearly hidden behind a gentle slope is a landmark that can be seen for miles on miles, leagues on leagues, along the coast. I must own that ordinary commercial photographs seem to me preferable to drawings that are not like.

One of Mr. Bradley's longest chapters is that on Alnwick, Warkworth and the Percies. Alnwick itself is full of interest. It is a mixture of the feudal and the modern. Many of the ancient dwellings remain, built in hollow squares into which the cattle and women and children were driven when the Scots arrived on a raiding tour. Alnmouth—until recently pronounced Alemouth or Yalemouth—is a lovely village not far distant, with the river Alne flowing smoothly over the sands to mingle imperceptibly with the sea. Warkworth, one of the old Percy strongholds, is a fine ruin perched on a high hill. With the river bending round three sides of it, it must have been all but impregnable. The town is mainly a long street running from the castle down to the river. The cows are sent, not driven, out to graze, and they come home at the proper time to be milked, going up the stone steps of their respective houses, in at the front door, and so through to the garden or yard at the back. What business or industry goes on in the town, beyond a little farming, vegetable-growing, and catering for trippers, I could never guess. I should imagine that a man with nothing on his mind and a good digestion would soon learn to sleep there for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Bamburgh, much further north, is, like Dunstanboro', wilder, less civilised, more Northumbrian. It was to Bamburgh that Lancelot bolted of old with his Lady Guinevere. Here the winds whistle all day long, and the bents wave in the wind and the sea never leaves off

* "The Romance of Northumberland." By A. G. Bradley. With 16 illustrations by Frank Southgate. London: Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

plashing; trippers come but quickly go, there being little they can destroy; you get loneliness, which is indispensable for a right appreciation of the spirit of Northumberland. The sea, a ruined castle, remoteness from the restlessness of modern life—from these three anyone with a rudimentary imagination can distil the rare essence, the atmosphere, and feel the complete enchantment of Northumberland. A few miles from Warkworth is a little spot named Guyzanne. Those who want to wring the secret of Northumberland from Northumberland's stony heart ought to go there. There is absolutely nothing to see. Steep hills form a deep saucer; the river curls round the sides; and in the middle are four broken walls. Here the monks of old time prayed and chanted; here the spirit of old Northumberland lingers and broods, a forlorn ghost—yet not utterly forlorn, with the ever-changing skies, the murmur of trees and river, and eternal memories of the thing that has been and that, despite all efforts to restore the loveliness of the by-gones, never shall be again. By the way, speaking of this river Coquet, Mr. Bradley persists that it is deep and clear, though often dyed with peat. Let him try to sail a boat from Warkworth Bridge to Amble at low water. As soon as he is stuck in the mud or jammed on the rocks, let him remember that for a moderate sum a local expert can be hired to use the bulk of the bad language that may be deemed adequate. Excepting the Scotch element, which is atrociously Presbyterian—and a Presbyterian only swears when you prevent him from diddling you—most Northumbrians know what to say on occasions. They are, by the way, partly Scotch, partly Saxon and Dane, partly Celtic; a few, I believe, are Northumbrians. The coast was much ravaged once by the Danish pirates. Many of them settled there; the original inhabitants liked the Danes so much that they did all they knew to prevail on them to stop, and, other inducements failing, they used to hang them and bury them there. That method was in most cases efficacious: they stopped. Their children had to stay: hence the present population. Village differs from village in the characteristics of their folk as much as a Northumbrian differs from a cockney. Village looks upon village with kindly scorn and gentle contempt. All agree that Northumberland is the finest county in the world and Northumbrians the finest animals in the world; but with that agreement ends. Local patriotism is almost ferocious in its assertiveness. "Does So-and-so belong Such-and-such?" you may be asked. If you answer yes: "Aa thowt se." Nothing is or need be added; these contemptuous words are enough. And you must crow in unison with each cock where it happens to be on its own midden, else you will be unpopular. The speech of West Northumberland is as different from the speech of the coast as either is from the speech of the pit-villages. The words and idioms are different, the pronunciation is widely different. In spite of general alien opinion I, as a Northumbrian, hold that there is not one "Northumbrian r"—there are many. I cannot say any of them myself, having had the misfortune to see the light just on the south bank of the Tyne; but I have always perceived how the Tyneside r is slithered away to an odd softness, how the western is guttural, and the r of the coast acrid and aggressive. In the days before school-boards arose to take the variety out of life and spoil everything, it may be doubted whether a Hexham or Blanchland farmer would have understood a Blyth pitman. Alas! all that is slowly going; but happily old animosities and distrusts are strong and persistent, and in many parts the old habits and the old speech are proudly adhered to.

As different as the characteristics of the people are the aspects, the colour and atmosphere, of the different localities of Northumberland. In the hills and dales of the west you find riotously rich, deep colour—nothing slight, effeminate, or in the least like Mr. Southgate's yolk-of-egg yellow and Aspinall's enamel green; and the moors, even on a day of sunlight, are always sombre. Round the pits one need not say what the prevailing tint is: coal is black all the world over; smoke is also black, and beneath Elswick the towns are hideous. In an article some while ago I described the bleak greys that prevail along the coast—prevail, but

with such joyous spots of cheerful red tiles and greens as one sees at Craster and Alnmouth. On the coast the air is often bitter: even on a summer evening it has a sharp tang, and in August an evening fire is a necessity. Westward, it is softer, but always bracing. And this air, besides modifying the vegetation and foliage, both in luxuriance and colour, gives a strange character to Northumberland's ruins. Everywhere there are ruins, traces of the old Roman civilisation, of feudal times and later Border-raiding, of villages buried by the ever-encroaching sea (as at Newbiggin-on-Sea, where I have pelted my schoolmates with the skulls of our helpless ancestors). But the decay has none of the wretchedness you find in kinder climes; one feels that nothing has rotted helplessly; in fact the signs are not of decay, but destruction—destruction by pitiless rains and snows and bitter winds. The churches, peel-towers, the ordinary dwelling-houses, of Northumberland, were, like the Roman wall, built to last; and though everywhere one sees them defeated, lying in heaps of masonry and overgrown with weeds, they have given in unwillingly, stout and game to the last. There is no decrepitude. Ruins so full of strength and virility exist in no other part of England nor, so far as I know, of the world. The sadness of departed things is on them; but in that bracing air one feels still the glory of the health that was in them. For genuine decay you must go to many of the farms, where the walls are tumbling lazily down and the gate-posts are rotten. I should like to take some of those farmers to Bamburgh or Dunstanboro' and show them how our forebears worked, and put some sense of shame into them.

THE EASY CHAIR.

THE Englishman in France is asked to give himself the trouble to sit down. For him it is indeed a trouble. He can, he finds, only be comfortable in his own chair, and he has difficulty in sitting down in any country but his own. He feels inclined to stand up in Turkey, to walk up and down in Germany, to fidget in France. And after a short experience of new angles he begins to realise the importance of chairs in the evolution of a nation. By a chair, of course, he does not mean that poor arbitrary thing which does duty at a table. Such a chair may be seen in almost any country; but where outside England can be found that low, softly padded, hospitable vendor of comfort which is the chosen companion of the small hours, and of the fire, and the lamp-light?

England, in fact, could not afford to be without its easy chairs. Ask anyone who has been abroad for some time—in, say, South Africa or Australia—what picture he has seen of England, and the chances are that he will tell you he has seen the corner of a room, in which a great chair waits. There at one time he used to sit and smoke, with a good friend opposite, and the silent clock on the mantelpiece, and the English lawns outside. In fiction he is made to see Piccadilly or the Strand, but it is more likely that he sees this easy chair. For only the Englishman knows the science of sitting down. He alone has evolved the chair which recovers for its students all the comfort that has been lost in the day, all the hope that the morning may so inhospitably have barred. Watch, say, a Frenchman in an English easy chair, and you will find him no worthy apprentice of the science. He is ill at ease and out of sympathy with the chair. He is incompetent to get from it that perfect understanding which it will grant only to the accomplished student. He cannot enter into its kindly angles, and yield to its merciful overtures. But the Englishman has no such quarrel with comfort. He does not, as the Frenchman, sit at attention. Cheerfully he responds to the advances of the chair, and under its influence becomes an optimist and a friend to everyone. There need not, in fact, be any doubt that England's position as the optimist among the nations is due largely to this appreciation of the easy chair. No one can find an excuse for pessimism when he is sitting at the English angle. Had Schopenhauer lived in England, and been instructed in the art of sitting down, he would have written dainty testimonials to the charm of human

nature. Pope had no optimism, and it is not surprising that he complained of the "rack of a too easy chair", for only an optimist can be comfortable. Whistler refused to have an easy chair in his house, and, quite inevitably, wrote a book on the art of making enemies. Carlyle lived among the hard angles of uncomfortable furniture, and wrote irritably. A man's literary taste, it may as well be said, is not formed so much by his education, or his early life, or his friends, as by his chairs. A man without an easy chair would develop an austere taste. He would read Bacon, Hume, Macaulay. A man with an uncomfortable easy chair would read Hazlitt, Carlyle, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Ibsen. A man with a chair which he had moulded to all the whims of his body would read Dickens, Lamb, Shakespeare, Meredith, Flaubert, Tennyson. No one, fortunately, has a finer instinct for comfort than the Englishman, and so long as this is so there should be no danger of the decline of good books, and poetry, and optimism. Only the man who has an easy chair can read the right books. If he be uncomfortable, he will demand something to counteract the evil influence of the chair, and the chances are that his taste will suffer.

It is no small enterprise to go to see a man who refuses, on principle, to have an easy chair. He cannot be trusted. At any moment he may make a violent argumentative attack on something you would rather not have molested. He will spare nothing and nobody, and it is likely that in his excess of energy he will walk about the room, and when he wants to persuade you of a point will stand theatrically and fix you with his eyes. He will go hastily from subject to subject; he will not linger patiently and affectionately with a point, and build from it fragile fancies that must be treated gently or they fall. He will enter into no partnership. He sees things from a different angle, and long intercourse with him is impossible. But it is easy to love a man for his chairs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westminster Abbey, 29 June, 1908.

SIR,—I must appeal to your sense of fair-play for space in which to make a few observations on the article in your last issue entitled "The Anglican Communion".

First, I must disclaim your version of my sermon in the Abbey on Trinity Sunday. I never asked the Lambeth Conference "to commit an act of suicide by declaring that episcopacy means nothing", or even said "that all non-episcopal Churches are just as well off spiritually as is the Anglican Communion", still less that we should "recognise the Nonconformist ministers as priests". Episcopacy means much to one who holds as I do that it is the best form of Church government. To be well governed is in my opinion no inconsiderable spiritual advantage. Since no Christian ministers are properly "priests" at all, I am not likely to desire to impose the name on Nonconformist ministers. However, anyone who wishes can purchase a verbatim copy of the sermon for threepence, and I may therefore dispense myself from any detailed account of it.

Next, I must defend myself against the grave charge (unsupported by evidence) of misrepresenting Anglican history. You allow, indeed, that "some of our seventeenth-century divines showed a hesitation to condemn the merely Presbyterian orders of foreign Protestant Churches", but you add that "they thought them irregular and only justifiable on the ground that in these Churches episcopal ordination was impossible", and "also held that as a matter of ecclesiastical discipline the ministers of these Churches must be reordained before they might minister in the Church of England". You conclude that "it is hardly serious to argue from such opinions that the Church of England could to-day recognise as priests the great majority of Nonconformist ministers". Let it be observed that the

argument is not to be tied to the case of Nonconformist ministers, but extends to that of all non-episcopalian ministers without exception. In point of fact, I have ever held that in the first place the Church of England should approach those historic national Churches of Scotland and the Continent, which are (as they were commonly described by our earlier divines) her "sisters". No doubt the case of the Nonconformist Churches would have to be considered in due course, but to place them in the forefront is at this juncture impolitic, and misleading. Our first concern is with principles; the application of those principles is a large and difficult diplomatic question. On the historical matter, I must needs think that you are gravely mistaken. You credit the Church of England as a whole with the opinions of the Laudian party. Not to trespass unduly on your space, I will confine myself to Bishop Hall, one of the most representative and most influential of the seventeenth-century bishops. He was indeed put forward by Laud as the champion of episcopacy, but his treatise, "Episcopacy by Divine Right", was carefully revised by the Archbishop, and must be taken rather to represent his views than those of the author. That treatise was published in 1640; a few years later appeared another work from Bishop Hall's pen, "The Peacemaker, laying forth the right way of Peace in Matters of Religion". This may be taken to represent the genuine mind of the author. Speaking of the divisions between the Church of England and the other Reformed Churches, he says:

"Blessed be God, there is no difference in any essential matter betwixt the Church of England and her sisters of the Reformation. We accord in every point of Christian doctrine without the least variation: their public confessions and ours are sufficient convictions to the world of our full and absolute agreement. The only difference is in the form of outward administration: wherein also we are so far agreed, as that we all profess this form not to be essential to the being of a church, though much importing the well or better being of it, according to our several apprehensions thereof: and that we do all retain a reverent and loving opinion of each other in our own several ways: not seeing any reason why so poor a diversity should work any alienation of affection in us one towards another: but, withal, nothing hinders, but that we may come yet closer to one another, if both may resolve to meet in that primitive government, whereby it is meet we should both be regulated, universally agreed upon by all antiquity: wherein all things were ordered and transacted by the consent of the presbytery, moderated by one constant president thereof."

After developing the argument for a modified episcopacy, he concludes:

"But if there must be a difference of judgment in these matters of outward policy, why should not our hearts be still one? Why should such a diversity be of power to endanger the dissolving of the bond of brotherhood? May we have the grace but to follow the truth in love, we shall in these several tracks overtake her happily in the end, and find her embracing of peace and crowning us with blessedness." (v. "Works", ed. Wynter, vol. vi. p. 610.)

Bishop Hall had had to defend himself strenuously for his view, at that time widely disliked in the English Church, that the Church of Rome was a true Church; and it is curious that he never mentions the fact of her episcopal government as having any bearing on the question. The truth is that until the Laudian school became dominant, the argument turned on faith and morals, not on the form of polity.

I leave this point with the single observation that it is only my desire to avoid excessive length that makes me limit myself to Bishop Hall.

You are mistaken in supposing that reordination of non-episcopalian clergy was invariably insisted upon as a condition of office in the Church of England. Under the Subscription Act of 1571 (13 Eliz. cap. 12) they were permitted to preach and even hold benefices. Casaubon, and perhaps also Saravia, are famous examples of non-episcopalians holding office in the English Church. It is the case that not until the fatal Uniformity Act of Charles II. was the door absolutely closed against non-episcopalians.

You say that "loyal" Anglicans "must believe the historic Episcopate is the Divine basis for the government of the Christian Church". Give me leave to ask, Sir, at what point in the history of the Church of England this dogma became cardinal? Was it at the start of Elizabeth's reign when the whole Episcopate voted against the Reformation? What proportion of the whole Episcopate of Christendom represents the Divine basis now? The Anglican minority, or the Roman majority? Take a poll of the bishops of the world, and where will Anglicanism be? I must respectfully submit that something more than an obiter dictum in an article is required to justify a statement which appears to ignore the conclusions of historical science, to stultify the English Reformation, to disallow the teaching of the greatest English divines, and last but not least to contradict the official Anglican definition of the visible Church.

Finally, you sum up your view of Anglican policy and prospects in this amazing sentence:

"But if the Anglican Communion can reproduce the constitution of the Church of the sixth century in divers lands and amid divers races, the fact must in the end attract to it the sympathies of the Churches of the unchanging East."

Has it ever occurred to you that "the constitution of the Church in the sixth century" did not then, in its golden age, secure either unity, or orthodoxy, or (unless the historians of that time are wholly undeserving of credit) decent morals? East and West were in schism for no less than thirty-five years (484-519). The relations of Justinian and Vigilius are difficult to reconcile with any theory of the spiritual independence of the Church. Even the most ardent advocate of the Episcopate will hardly make appeal to the pages of Gregory of Tours, or our own Gildas. Indeed it were hard to find a more degraded and miserable epoch of Christian history. Not to dwell on this, however, will any considering man fail to perceive the fatal weakness of an ecclesiastical theory which aspires to satisfy the necessities of the twentieth century with the carefully resuscitated system of the sixth? Salvation by archaeology is an interesting but hardly a promising proposition.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. HENSLEY HENSON.

[We have pleasure in printing anything from Canon Henson, much as his point of view differs from ours. Necessarily in a leading article conclusions are given without most of the argument on which they are based. But we will return to Canon Henson's letter later on.—ED. S.R.]

THE CETINJE TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—During the last few weeks much has been written in the European press about the trial for high treason in Cetinje. It is curious to note how the English press, usually the first to give fair play, has published with relish every report attacking Serbia and the Serbian royal family. The chief witness, whose evidence at the trial has produced such a sensation, is one George Nastich, a Servian of Bosnia. Naturally the Servian press is indignant at Nastich's attempts to implicate the Servian Government in the plot, and some details of Nastich's career may be interesting.

George Nastich, the son of a Mostar (in Herzegovina) police official, is one of the many spies employed by Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina against the Servian population. In his youth, Nastich had been a student in Vienna, but he was expelled from the university for theft. In order to make Nastich a hero in the eyes of the Servian students, a street row was organised by the Austrian spies in Sarajevo (Bosnia). Nastich, with several other young Servians, was arrested and thrown into prison. Some weeks later, when he came out of prison, he was banished from Bosnia, and naturally went to Belgrade. In Belgrade he was well received, but when he unfolded his scheme of starting a revolution in Bosnia, the Southern Slav Club firmly dissuaded

him from any such project. He soon came to the end of his resources; work was offered him, but he refused to do any, preferring to sponge on his friends, the young students of Belgrade. Amongst these students were some political refugees from Montenegro, and Nastich soon persuaded them to organise a plot against the life of Prince Nikola of Montenegro. After leading a drunken and dissolute life in Belgrade for more than a year, Nastich crossed the Sava and came to Semlin, leaving behind him in Belgrade many debts at hotels and cafés. Shortly afterwards he made the disclosures which led to the discovery of the bombs and the arrest of the conspirators.

Of recent years the Southern Slav movement has made enormous progress. By uniting the Balkan Slavs this movement aims at keeping the Balkan Peninsula for the Balkan peoples, and so resisting the dreaded "Drang nach Osten". Austria perceived that this movement was getting too strong for her, and so evolved the bomb plot against Prince Nikola, with the object of estranging the two Servian countries, Serbia and Montenegro, and of compromising the Southern Slav movement at the very outset. In a letter I recently received from Belgrade, a friend says: "The entire Southern Slav press judges this affair as the work of Austria, the greatest enemy of the Servian peoples of the Southern Slav idea. As long as Austria exists she will compromise us in the eyes of the world and will represent us as a wild and uncultured race."

L. C.

STEEVENS v. KEIR HARDIE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Just now, when it seems as though the "man in the street" was beginning to realise that there is a country called India to be numbered among others under King Edward VII.'s rule, I would like to recall to the public mind that also there was once a man named G. W. Steevens who wrote a book called "In India"—which for clearness of vision and grasp of existent facts in India has so far never been equalled.

Why do not Messrs. Blackwood and Sons rise to the occasion and publish at once, in cheap form, a railway-bookstall edition of this enlightening book on India? So at least instead of the Keir Hardie-isms poured into their ears, seemingly unchecked, unanswered by those in authority, the average Briton could read the truth and might mark and digest it. To the English man or woman at home, who after such a reading yet remained ignorant of, or unmoved by, the knowledge acquired of our great Imperial possession, might well be applied the words, "if they hear not Moses and the Prophets neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead"; and to them an India governed by Babus or by Englishmen will be one and the same thing—a matter of indifference.

Yours faithfully,

ANGLO-INDIAN.

LIBERALS AND REWARDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Obviously the Government has found some use for that antiquated and tyrannical assembly the House of Lords, which, if it can neither be reformed nor abolished, may yet serve as a home of rest for their worn-out veterans, their failures, and the largest underwriters of their party. Some enterprising individual has calculated to a nicety the exact number of days and hours it takes a Liberal Government to create a new Peer, but though the writer does not pretend to be an adept at abstruse statistics, he, like the man in the street, is capable of simple arithmetic, and is at a loss to see how by making continual additions you will end by subtracting the whole. Assuredly some new records must be manufactured for the party gramophones; "Down with the Lords" is a cry likely to produce more derision than diversion in the future. No one is in the least surprised at the unusually long list of birthday honours; two years of a Liberal Administration has led us to expect these things, for it is precisely

those who take it as their motto that "virtue is its own reward" who are the most strenuous in their efforts to obtain some more tangible recognition of their virtue, and the recent "Gazette" shows how successful those efforts have been. Whether the frequent recompensing of Unionist deserters is calculated to breed loyalty and good feeling in the ranks of the Liberal party is for their wirepullers to decide, though it appears a somewhat dangerous precedent, which if persisted in must lead to widespread discontent. That Mr. Whiteley was to be raised to the peerage was a foregone conclusion, and it was only a question as to the exact moment when the public would be informed the health of another Minister had suddenly become seriously impaired, involving his immediate retirement from office. The feeble constitution of those Ministers who have been voted failures and of whom their party is heartily sick is really becoming pitiable. To the casual observer a few extra dozen peers, baronets, and knights may seem a very small matter, but underlying this there is a deeper question. The mass of the people are far better educated and take a much more intelligent view of politics and political life than formerly, and they are beginning to realise that perhaps after all there is something to be made out of the game. The elector is quite able to see that beneath all the anxiety about his interests, which assume so exaggerated an importance during an election, the candidate is too often on the make for himself, and that the only interests he really has at heart are his own. There is no one who would deny the just reward and honour to those who have faithfully served their country or party; but unless something is done to put down the wholesale jobbing and buying of positions and titles we can no longer deceive ourselves that we retain that political purity of which we are so justly proud, for the whole standard of our public life is being lowered, not only in the eyes of the nation but of the world at large.

Ex-M.P.

ALLEGED ANTAGONISM OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Folkestone.

SIR,—The eternal discussion on the subject of the antagonism of science and religion seems to have blazed up again in the person of that eminent disputant, Mr. Balfour. But is not the whole thing in a nutshell? If science be science at all it must be founded on the co-ordination of actual facts and the correct deductions to be drawn from the evidence they afford. Philosophy is only the development of science, carried to a wider field and applied to every condition of nature and human nature.

Similarly religion to be religion at all must be essentially true in whatever form it is presented. It is no more allowable to admit error in religion than it is in science or philosophy. Now how can three principles in their very nature founded on absolute truth and irreconcilable with error not agree with each other? And if men cannot see this is it not because they are in error as to the conception of one of them?

For three years I was sitting almost side by side with Herbert Spencer and not unfrequently discussed, I will not say argued, these subjects with him. He railed at Christianity, but I argued: "This jargon of creeds and dogmas is not what Christ taught, nor what He would acknowledge. The religion He taught He would now and again express with masterly brevity in a single sentence, as Napoleon dealt with the art of war. The true evidence of Christianity does not rest upon miracles which may be denied but cannot be proved, but upon that which can be proved and cannot be denied. Its lofty and yet practical ideal, its adaptation to the needs and demands of humanity, its breadth, its comprehensiveness and its purity, all these signs prove it comes from above, for human nature itself could not have risen to it." To all this he would nod an assent in his quiet pleasing manner as if he would say with Festus, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian", for he was a charming companion with

those who understood him. I would say now and then: "You are an agnostic, I know; that is to say you admit the Supreme Power, but say you cannot define it. But suppose you approach the subject as you would approach any other subject, logically and ready to accept the truth in whatever form it presents itself, clearing it of everything inconsistent with its essential principles. Now there are three attributes of the Supreme Power, which no one will refuse to admit. It must be omnipresent throughout every portion of the universe however vast. It must be eternal in its existence, never beginning, never ending. It must be absolutely true, just and accurate in all its operations, directing and controlling at once the most gigantic operations of nature and the most minute incidents of daily life. Consider a condition of things consistent with these undoubted attributes and you will reduce the possibility of error to such narrow limits that you cannot be far wrong in the conclusions you form. These conclusions may seem extraordinary, but that does not prove that they are untrue." Spencer nodded assent to these propositions; whether he really adopted them I do not know.

The subject might be pursued very much farther, for the field of speculation widens as you advance, step by step; but my letter is already too long, for which I ought to apologise, but I hope you will think it justified by the importance and interest of the subject it deals with.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. B. GARLING.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Central Library, Cardiff, 29 June, 1908.

SIR,—In the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW is a note on the speech made by Mr. Balfour at the London Library. The writer goes out of his way to repeat the worn-out cry about Free Libraries and the circulation of fiction. The note says "It is doubtful whether our free libraries, for instance, do not misspend thousands every year on quite worthless modern fiction". "It is doubtful" says the note, in a way which implies that there is no doubt. I wonder whether the writer has any first-hand knowledge on the point?

For a long time journalists have been writing in this disparaging way of public libraries, but I am glad to say that the long-continued misrepresentation of these valuable institutions is decreasing as the work they do becomes better known.

If the writer of the note, or anyone else, cares to investigate the work of a public library, I shall be happy to enable him to do it in a practical way for a day, a week, or longer. I am quite sure of the result. It will be found that only a very small proportion of a library's funds are spent on novels at all, and that "worthless modern fiction" receives infinitesimal support, while the great masterpieces are kept continually to the front, and regularly replaced with fresh copies as they become worn out. The public libraries do more at the present time to bring before the public the best and greatest of our literature than any other agency. As for the lament of the pessimistic publisher anent the sale for really good books, I know that if it were not for the copies taken by public libraries a great many books which are genuine contributions to the world's store of knowledge would fail to appear at all.

I trust that the writer of the note will not quote in reply to this letter a series of figures culled from the annual report of some public library to show the preponderance of fiction in the books circulated. The point is, Do the public libraries misspend thousands every year on quite worthless fiction? I say they do not. The taste, or want of taste, of the great public is not a thing which can be controlled. It may be led to some extent. One of the chief factors at work in leading it is the practice followed by nearly every library committee in the kingdom of carefully selecting the books purchased.

I am, yours faithfully,

JOHN BALLINGER.

REVIEWS.

A WINCHESTER MAN.

"George Ridding, Schoolmaster and Bishop." By his Wife, Lady Laura Ridding. London: Arnold. 1908. 15s. net.

IF anyone thinks that the life of a schoolmaster and bishop must be a dull book, this volume will refute him. It is the life of a pioneer in education and in the problems of a new diocese, of a man of commanding personality, many-sided versatility, and extraordinary courage. Holding firmly through his life to the vital principles with which that life started, he carried them with him into two great spheres of work, applied them to the changing conditions of his career, and allowed them to develop in response to the movements of the nineteenth century and the progress of its ideas. His pupils used to smile at the phrase they had learnt to love, "to feel a feeling"; that phrase and his own motto "Let us be real" were the two sides of the purpose of his life: to carry out his work without pedantry, red tape or sham in accordance with ideas which were true and instinct with life. The Notts working man who said at his funeral "We've lost our Bishop. We have thought a main deal of him", only summed up the verdict passed by all those who came into contact with him during life, whether at Oxford, or Winchester, or Southwell. Born a Wykehamist, a scholar of the college, its second master and its headmaster, his earlier life appeals, no doubt, most strongly to those who are connected with Winchester's city and college, and no one can realise completely the surprise felt when such an origin and such an upbringing produced the fearless reformer, the man who was equally courageous to destroy and to construct. It is not merely that he spent his time and money to carry out ideas in the face of superstitious prejudice; but that he was able to win the gratitude and the reverence of the very persons who had opposed his changes when they came to realise the meaning of his reforms. "I said Ridding was going to ruin the school; now I say he is our Second Founder." Lady Laura Ridding has managed to collect materials to place before the reader the history of the school and its condition when Ridding became headmaster, and thus to bring the story up to the time when, in 1876, she herself became, by her marriage, a sharer in all his plans, schemes, and hopes. But in spite of all this diligent work, scrupulous accuracy, and affectionate piety, there remains something elusive, something magical, about this great schoolmaster which cannot quite be caught from the printed page. Generation after generation of boys used to try to imitate his characteristic expressions, or to catch the well-known changes of feature from "crow" to "eagle duck"; but they never could quite succeed; and so here one feels that, when the last sermon at Winchester was heard, or is read, and the schoolmaster has become the bishop, the puzzling personality cannot be caught and directed and labelled, but can only be understood (and then sometimes imperfectly) by personal contact and experiences which are to the boy often awe-inspiring.

But when we turn to Part III. (1884-1904), to the more public career, though the man is the same, the character becomes less puzzling, the traits are more clearly marked, and the picture, which in the earlier part of the book is at times inevitably sketchy, is drawn in stronger and more definite lines. Lady Laura Ridding from the first could say of the life and problems of the Southwell Diocese "*quorum pars magna fui*". She traced the beginning of the schemes, the difficulties to be got over, the encouraging success. To weld together two counties with a central administration and harmonious but separate institutions, to build up a system of church patronage and corporate cathedral life with little or no support from the dioceses who had benefited by the creation of the new bishopric; to understand, to come into contact with, to stimulate the neglected country hills and valleys, as well as such teeming centres of population as Derby and Nottingham; to spend enormous sums to start and equip the endless

varieties of diocesan organisation—this was the task which the Bishop set himself. How he succeeded by generosity, by sympathy, by sternness and by courage, is told here by one who felt with him and worked with him throughout the long labour of twenty years.

If the list of publications given in the bibliography is studied, it shows the various interests to which Dr. Ridding was open; and in the concluding chapter, contributed by the recently appointed Bishop of Bombay, an attempt is made to describe the development of "mind and thought" which was going on, while these practical activities as college tutor, schoolmaster and bishop filled up his working days. In breadth of view, in fearless outlook on the future, and healthy optimism in the presence of every sort of depression and difficulty, Dr. Ridding was more than in the very van amongst leaders: he was able to communicate his spirit to his pupils, his boys at Winchester, and to "the classes and the masses" of his diocese. By a fortunate juncture of events the peculiarities which were noticeable in his earlier days fell away from him; his writing and speaking became simpler and plainer to the ordinary man and woman; the mingled strength and sweetness of a nature, very reserved in youth and middle age, seemed to break forth in all directions as the call came to him to minister to all classes and conditions. This will be readily seen by comparing the interesting series of portraits at different stages of his career, or by contrasting the two views presented of the man (p. 45 and p. 317). If in some of his charges occur sentences in which the thought seems rather too complex or compressed for the words which are to convey it, his published sermons are direct, forcible and original: if in his teaching many utterances had a cryptic sound for the boy who was unfamiliar with the manner of his teacher, those who strove to understand carried away with them from his lessons a sense of life and power; they learnt at least to admire his instinctive grasp of Greek and Latin ideas, even if they failed sometimes to imitate it themselves. Lady Laura Ridding gives many sentences written or spoken by the Bishop, remarkable for their penetration, their encouraging ring, their spiritual force; but those who knew him at Winchester or at Southwell will love rather to think of him with gratitude for what he did and veneration for what he was.

THE WAR FOR THE HOLY PLACES.

"The Crusaders in the East: A Brief History of the Wars of Islam with the Latins in Syria during the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries." By W. B. Stevenson. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

WHEN Lord Acton said that the modern historian's difficulty is glut not dearth of material, he might well have been thinking of the crusades. A glance at the monumental "*Recueil des historiens des Croisades*" will show in a moment the *embarras de richesse*. It was the first movement of the concert of Europe. Every one of the great Powers was involved in it, and as each had its own correspondent at the front, it is possible—and this good fortune is rare in mediæval history—to compare many different points of view. First of all there is the western—the only point of view from which we usually judge the East. With Fulcher of Chartres, Raymond de Agiles, Villehardouin, Joinville and a score of others there is no lack of good material. But this is only one side of the picture. For if the crusades were a great chapter in the history of the West, they were scarcely less important in the history of the East. Their history, then, if it is to be complete, needs two further chapters; the first from the point of view of the nearer East, of Anna Comnena and the Greek Empire; this has yet to be written. The second from the point of view of the further East, of the Moslems and the Latin Syrians. This Mr. Stevenson now gives us in his essay on "The Crusaders in the East". Here is therefore a real addition to the history of the crusades.

There are several advantages in Mr. Stevenson's method of treatment. First of all, the two sides of the

picture are brought into focus. The East often explains the West. The rise and fall of the Moslem emirs in Aleppo, or Damascus, or Mosul, for example, has a marked effect on the success or failure of the western arms. There is this further advantage. The study of the eastern point of view helps to correct the mistaken idea of the crusades as nothing more than a number of detached expeditions from Europe. The ordinary text-book picks out the most important, tickets them with a particular number and date, and ignores the fact that for two centuries the struggle between East and West was continuous. Whether reinforcements arrived from Europe or not, the Holy War went on. The less-known struggles of the Latin Syrians were just as much a phase of the crusades as the better-known expeditions that periodically started from Europe. By concentrating his attention on the East Mr. Stevenson brings out the cardinal fact that the war was continuous.

There is yet a third gain. Mr. Stevenson has principally drawn on the eastern historians. There is so much western material that these easterns are apt to be neglected. Quite apart from their value as contemporary history, they deserve better treatment. To read an Arabic history sounds a very formidable undertaking. But anyone who will make the experiment with writers like Beha Eddin, Ibn el-athir, Imad Eddin or Kemal Eddin—they are all translated into French—will find how mistaken were his original ideas on the subject. He will start by imagining that they are written in an unintelligibly florid style, but he will soon find that this is the exception rather than the rule, and that for the most part they are straightforward and full of life. Thanks to a Benedictine monk they are easily accessible. For it was a certain Dom Berthereau of the Congregation of S. Maur who first collected the oriental manuscripts of the crusades in the Bibliothèque du Roi. His magnum opus was on the point of publication when the Revolution of '89 scattered his community. Dom Berthereau died in poverty; but in 1801 his manuscripts were discovered and transferred to the Bibliothèque Nationale, where they have since formed the nucleus of the oriental volumes in the "Recueil des historiens des Croisades". The monk who died unknown and in poverty deserves no small measure of gratitude as the pioneer in this field of research.

Now if there is one point that stands out prominent in these eastern chronicles, it is that religion was just as much the motive power of the eastern arms as of the western. It is quite incorrect to imagine that all the religious enthusiasm was on one side. Take, for example, Beha Eddin's life of Saladin. Beha Eddin was Saladin's private secretary, and if his biography is sincere—there is no reason to suppose that it is not—his master was a man of great charm of character, but, what is far more important in the secretary's eyes, rigorous in his observance of the Koran and "a hater of philosophers, heretics, materialists and all adversaries of orthodox religion". Saladin's religious enthusiasm is typical. From the western point of view the war was a crusade; but to the eastern it was no less a holy war, a Jihad. If the Moslem was an infidel in the eyes of the Christian, the Christian was just as much an infidel in the eyes of the Moslem. To both alike Jerusalem was the Holy City. To the crusader it was the scene of the Crucifixion. To the Moslem, in the words of another eastern historian, it was the "Holy City where stood the throne of Solomon and the Temple of David, the object of pilgrimage, and the place of prayer where the Prophet ascended to Heaven, and where men will be gathered on the day of resurrection". Both armies could have chanted "Vexilla regis prodeunt", and if the mystery of the True Cross and relics innumerable shone only over the crusaders, the Moslems had their traditions, their feasts and fasts that they held in the strictest reverence. The more in fact one reads of writers like Beha Eddin or Ibn el-athir, the more one is struck by the similarity of the conditions in both camps. To eastern and western religion was the motive power of the struggle. As time went on, it was of course inevitable that other interests should be entangled with it, and the impassable gulf between infidel and believer gradually bridged. It was not long before the Latin Syrians entered into

treaties with the neighbouring emirs. Even Richard I. of England knighted Saladin's son, and offered to marry his sister to Saladin's brother. But in spite of frequent backslidings, religious sentiment was at the back of the Moslem's mind no less than the Christian's.

Then, again, if the motives of East and West were similar, their difficulties were much the same. Neither was united. Rivalry and jealousy lost the Christians many golden opportunities. What with the quarrels of Church and State, what with the particularist aims of the Latin Syrian settlements, and their collective jealousy of each band of new immigrants from Europe, with Greek emperors, Armenian princes, Venice and Genoa all eager to fish in the troubled waters, the wonder is that any progress whatever was made with the Holy War. Mr. Stevenson shows us that there were conflicting counsels and divergent interests amongst the Moslems as well. The Bagdad Caliph had a rival at Cairo. Each city of importance had its own emir, and was as often at war with its neighbours as with the Christians. Saladin was forced to devote the first thirteen years of his sultanate to subduing his rivals before he could turn his attention to the war for the Holy Places. But the Moslems possessed two inestimable advantages over the Christians. The Christians lacked men, and great leaders. The Moslems lacked neither. The fortunes of the Cross were too closely entangled in the web of European politics. At a critical moment some political question stopped the flow of reinforcements, and the Latin Syrians, leaderless and disunited, were left as men fighting with destiny. The Moslems on the other hand had the swarms of the east to fall back on, and in Zanki, Nureddin, Saladin and Baibars they produced a succession of great leaders, strong enough to unite their forces and able enough to lead them to victory.

All this is carefully described in Mr. Stevenson's book. It is not easy reading. The nature of the struggle makes its description complicated. With four Latin States and as many emirates it is difficult to keep the thread of the story. When once the Moslems are concentrated under a single leader, it is of course easier to follow. At the same time it is a pity that Mr. Stevenson has not more often allowed himself to brighten what must be difficult reading by more quotations from the eastern chroniclers. The few he does give, in the account of the battle of Hattin for instance, are so vivid that they make one wish for more. This is however only a minor point, and does not materially lessen the value of a sound piece of work.

GERMAN HUMOUR.

"Richard Wagner in der Karikatur." Von Ernst Kreowski und Edward Fuchs. Berlin: B. Behr's Verlag. 1907. 10s. net.

GERMAN humour, like every form of German art with the saving exception of music, is, to the English mind, a thing heavy, ponderous, and of little meaning. German caricatures have no place in the history of European art: the Germans have had no Goya, no Daumier, no Rowlandson. They are so serious in their jokes that only by some unnatural exaggeration can they convey a sense of the meaning of them. To be emphatic is their only aim, and a German caricature,

(Continued on page 22.)

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done with sober care, comes round, oddly enough, to the artless outlines of Spanish comic papers: both are crude and inartistic, each in its own way. Again, we have had in Rowlandson a supreme master in the art of caricature, and art, in him, was often on the verge of vulgarity. Compare his wildest exaggerations, his long noses, his bloated bodies, his terrible intensity of physical criticism, with the deformed lines, the heavy blots of unsensitive drawing, with which the German caricaturist is content. How is it that all German art (the Stuck, the Klinger of the moment) should be buried under a weight of would-be meaning, would-be impressiveness, would-be emphasis? It was to his countrymen, but vainly, that Heine said: "Above all, no emphasis!" German art is made up of emphasis; even its music, in Richard Strauss, has come to the same point of extravagant and irrelevant noise, meant to have some meaning outside music. And so it is with no surprise if we turn over this book of Wagner caricatures seeking vainly for some beautiful line, some taste in travesty.

The cruellest of the caricatures in this book is one of Siegfried Wagner; the likeness is preposterously close; but so crude, so inartistically exaggerated is the design, that the eyes can get no pleasure out of it. Here and there, but rarely, is one able to laugh at some pose or situation which it requires no fine draughtsman to have made amusing. What effort, what straining beyond the point, what complete forgetfulness that a good caricature must, if it is to exist, have some touch of beauty! With what relief does one come on a "Tristan" or an "Isolde" of Beardsley, where the line is positively witty, and the intention is only seen through the medium of the line. Even "The Wagnerians", one of the worst of Beardsley's drawings, almost German in its travesty of German art, has an irony in its gross white and black patches of fat bare shoulders and curled and hanging coiffures.

Here and there, in turning over the pages, one comes on a design in which the lines have suddenly become lithe, delicate, expressive, as in the beautiful representation of a Berlioz, tall and lean and crowned with a wild panache, carrying a baby "Trojen" in his arms, with the inscription: "Der Tannhäuser möchte gern seinen kleinen Bruder (die Trojaner) sehen, den der Vater (Berlioz) liebvoll im Arme hält". Here, at last, is what one has been looking for; but, alas! it is not German, but Cham, Charivari, Paris, 1863. Turn another page, and here is a lovely little drawing, alert, elegant, just touched with sly humour, nothing but a mother listening to her little daughter playing Tannhäuser, but how pleasant and brilliant! Here again there is the same label: Cham, Charivari, Paris, 1861.

What is it, in the German mind, that has excluded the lighter, more attractive qualities of the intelligence, and above all that tact which is carried to the point of genius in both French and English draughtsmen? Is it the national earnestness, which can only laugh at itself with an uneasy effort? The only two great wits who have been born in Germany were Heine (who was a Jew) and Nietzsche (who was a Pole); both learnt their method from French models. And now, in the attempt to compete with other nations in an art which requires some Latin or Norman impulse in the blood, the Germans are summoning all their Teutonic forces in the useless endeavour to go beyond their own frontiers.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR'S ART.

"Kitty Tailleur." By May Sinclair. London: Constable. 1908. 6s.

IT seems almost unkind to describe "Kitty Tailleur" as an episode, seeing it was likewise a woman's life, but an episode it is as Miss Sinclair has very skilfully and wisely designed to treat it. She has given all that we require to know, and given it with almost the exact economy of material which such work demands if it is to acquire significance. The attitude towards her of the world in which Kitty did not move might have been more tersely expressed, and some more space have been expended on the baffling elements in the woman herself, but from the moment that the scene is set for the crisis

the working out could scarcely have been improved. There is a vague deftness in the drawing of Kitty which is just what the subject requires; it is difficult definitely to affirm at any point that we understand her, but we never misunderstand her, we never feel that her delineator has been at fault. Yet hers must have been a puzzling type to treat with so much reticence, and sometimes the reticence lies a little obscuringly over the effect. For instance, where Kitty accuses herself of unlawful advances towards the man she loves, we missed her meaning as completely as he did, though unhampered by his innocence and affection. But the reticence is delightful; we forgive it our losses for the sake of the gain, and we admire the author's determination to offer no concessions to stupidity. "Kitty's face was a thing both delicate and crude. When she was gay it showed a blurred edge, a fineness in peril. When she was sad it wore the fixed look of artificial maturity. It was like a young bud opened by inquisitive fingers and forced to be a flower." That is a fine piece of portraiture, seen to be the finer as one appreciates how far it has to go. Of those first inquisitive fingers we have no more than a hint. We have even less than a hint of the many that followed them. "There were others; ever so many others. I'm—that sort", explains Kitty, magnificently, to the man she loves. Yet five years of the fingering have left so few traces. The bud has indeed been forced into a flower, but not beyond the power of love's composing again into a bud. One takes the author's word for it; yet one wants very much to see what there was *not* in the process; what left Kitty prepared to lure Robert Lucy into her net, and yet able, after but ten days of knowing him, to make for his sake the sublime sacrifice not of herself alone but of his love for her. It would be impossible to read the scene in which she makes it—a piece of most delicate and flawless workmanship—and doubt Miss Sinclair's knowledge of every fibre of the mechanism. Such art can only be achieved by unfaltering divination, and in the art of the second portion of the story, slight as it may seem to any unable to realise from what it has been distilled, there is scarcely a touch which is not vivid with meaning. Its tragic ending is perhaps of a piece with that art; such a tale has almost a prescriptive right to the glooms of death behind it. Yet might not our conception of drama rise superior to that old Pagan drawing of the curtain? Should not the tragic splendour of life as a sacrifice be as satisfying artistically as the tragic squalor of death, and the price paid by such a man for such a woman be something more than a repudiation of his right to cast a stone at her, or even than his kindly intention to devise for her dull propriety as a future?

NOVELS.

"The Trance." By Rachel Swete Macnamara. London: Blackwood. 1908. 6s.

If this be Miss Macnamara's first novel it promises well. It appears to suffer from a kind of incertitude on the part of the author as to whether she should write a delicate, fanciful romance, or a story with something of the element of sensationalism. She has chosen to combine the two and they do not weld nicely; the portions dealing with the relations of "the Ragged Man" and "the Wood Nymph" and those concerning the twenty-years trance of Aline Chandos will appeal to readers of widely different tastes. Connexion between these two parts is afforded by Felicity Chandos, who is loved by "the Ragged Man" while she loves her cousin Outram Chandos, but for our part we cannot help wishing that Miss Macnamara had not kept to what was apparently her first intention of an idyllic romance. The introduction of Felix Mar to Felicity is admirably described, though we find it difficult to believe that a girl of eighteen who had kept her verse-writing a secret from friends and family would thrust a book of her MS. on a stranger who happened to invade her retreat. We accept the episode in the spirit of romance, and become disappointed when Felicity ceases to write poetry and when a promise to stay with her cousins

(Continued on page 24.)

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"The Sealed Message" By Fergus Hume. London: Digby, Long. 1908. 6s.

Granted that an unscrupulous guardian could keep in the strictest seclusion a ward whom he had brought to England as a small child, persuading her that it was the custom of the country for maidens to see no strangers until they came of age, and taking care that she should not learn to read or write, we submit that he could only defeat his own ends, and bring serious trouble on himself, by pretending to the neighbourhood that the prisoner was a violent maniac. However, Mr. Fergus Hume has on these flimsy foundations built up a story which is far more exciting than any of the other successors of the famous "Hansom Cab", which enthralled our immature minds a good many years ago. Two genial young bounders (whom the author evidently considers typical gentlemen of the present day), fishing in Devon, hook up a mysterious cylinder which encloses a phonograph record, and this record turns out to be an appeal from a distressed damsel. Their response to the appeal naturally involves them in a web of mystery and crime. The idea strikes us as good, for it is by no means obvious how a person who cannot read or write, and is never allowed to see a stranger, can communicate with the outer world. Obviously in future wicked guardians will know better than to allow their victims access to scientific toys. But in the meantime Mr. Hume's heroine is free and happily married.

"The People Downstairs." By Eva Lathbury. London: Rivers. 1908. 6s.

Some preliminary verses, in the course of which "law" is made to rhyme with "door", indicate that the true romance is to be sought in the round of honest if pedestrian living. Upstairs stands for poetry, downstairs for prose. After some perilous flights, due to the headiness and vanity of a couple of badly brought-up girls, the characters alight on safer levels. A certain monotony is achieved by the author imagining a brace of fanciful wives and a brace of commonplace husbands. Yet the latter epithet is too hastily bestowed; for the patience with which these excellent fellows listen to the long and egotistical harangues of their wives is something quite unusual. In reality there can be few people who have time or inclination to run on in so tedious a fashion, fewer still who will stop to hear them out. The trail of wordy introspection is over this book, as is the case with so many contemporary novels written by women. What plot it has is slight, and of an unpleasant flavour. Miss Lathbury has, however, discarded much of the obscurity which made her first novel top-heavy; and that is something gained.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Daughter of Louis XVI." By G. Lenotre. London: Lane. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

On 1 August 1793 Marie Antoinette was taken from the Temple to execution. In the same building, sharers of her imprisonment, were Mme. Elisabeth, the sister of Louis XVI., and Marie-Thérèse Charlotte de France, the daughter of Louis XVI. who is the subject of this book. Aunt and niece on the night of 9 May 1794 were aroused by a group of men of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Mme. Elisabeth was taken to the Conciergerie, where for the first time she learned Marie Antoinette's fate. The young Princess was ignorant, too, of her mother's fate. The next day Mme. Elisabeth was guillotined. "The child thus left alone was then fifteen years and five months old. More than a year before she had seen her father set out for the scaffold; one night in July of the same year they had taken away her brother; yet again a month later they had bereft her of her mother, whom she believed to be still alive in some other prison cell, perhaps in the Temple itself; and now at length she was deprived of her last companion, the only creature with whom she had been able to speak for nearly ten months past." She escaped the guillotine; and the Directory and Austria negotiated for the delivery of the Princess to Austria in exchange for certain citizens of the Republic. All this tragic story is dramatically told, much of it being contained in the journal of the Princess herself. After her settlement in Austria, where she was in effect kept in captivity, the interest turns on the Emigrés there and the plans of the Emperor for her marriage with an Archduke and the recovery of her property in France. When these

failed the Princess joined her uncle, who, as Louis XVIII., kept his Court in Mitau in Courland. She subsequently married her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, and became Dauphine of France. When the King re-entered Paris it was she only who was remembered of the royal family of France. Perhaps they also remembered Napoleon's saying that she was "the only man in the family". It was to her that all who had suffered for the Royalist cause looked for recognition and assistance; but "everything which recalled the days of the Revolution filled her with horror", and they were chilled and alienated. To them the "ingratitude of princes" seemed again illustrated. With her marriage the story of the book ends. She went again into exile in 1830, and she died in 1851. Those who are fascinated—may we not say as Shakespeare was?—with the tragedies of royal houses are under obligation to M. Lenotre, the writer, and Mr. J. Lewis May, his translator.

"Memories of London in the 'Forties." By David Masson. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

Miss Masson, the daughter of Professor Masson, has arranged for publication these four sketches written by her father of his London experiences while he was resident in London. They are an account of his friendship with the Carlyles; reminiscences of London life under the title "Down Street, Piccadilly", when he first made its acquaintance as a young man; recollections of Mazzini; and an account of a club to which he belonged called "A London Club". The only complaint one can make of these pleasant gossip sketches is that they are too slight, and that one would gladly read more of the persons Masson met and the London he recalls as he knew it sixty years ago. The "Carlyle" and "A London Club" are the most intimately personal, and we have interesting glimpses of Carlyle in a much more favourable light than Froude deigned to give, and of Jerrold, Thackeray and Dickens as fellow club-members. A conversation with Thackeray on Irishmen and Scotsmen led Thackeray to say that he could never do more than "describe" a Scotsman; he could not "invent" one, whereas he was perfectly confident of himself about Irishmen. He gave a delightful account of one, a dear fellow, who palmed off an already published article on him for "Fraser's" and made him laugh at the thing as a good practical joke. Masson capped Thackeray's mot, that no Irishman however low was ever without some dependent Irishman lower still, with this, that no Scotsman however high lacked some Scotsman higher still on whom he could depend for backing. Masson might have illustrated his point by the story he tells of Carlyle, who said to him abruptly at the end of one of their walks: "I have a lot of money by me at present, much more than I want; don't you think you could make better use of it?" Such accounts as that of the Cider Cellar, Paddy Green and "the great Ross" are not novel; but there is a charm about them when told by a man who knew the creator of Captain Costigan and Colonel Newcome. And it is something to learn that when the Aberdonian Masson, the friend of Bain, another Aberdonian, heard the great Ross sing the famous "Sam Hall" he was listening to a fellow Aberdonian, who "had at length by strange chance flashed out in this one part for a season before the gathered night herds"—which we suspect is a misprint—"of London".

"The Student's English Dictionary", by John Ogilvie, Edited by Charles Annandale (London: Blackie, 4s. 6d. net), is a new and cheaper edition of a dictionary that has long enjoyed wide popularity. No other dictionary so up-to-date and so full is to be had for the price. It is of course the "Imperial Dictionary" in a much reduced form.

For this Week's Books see page 26.

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The Stock is offered at par, and will be payable as follows:—

On Application	£5 Per Cent.
On Allotment	£25 "
On 15th October, 1908	£30 "
On 15th January, 1909	£40 "
Total	£100

Payment in full may be made on Allotment, or on 15th October, 1908, and interest will accrue at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum from the dates of payment. The Stock will be transferable in multiples of £1.

The Society reserves power to redeem the Stock, or any part of it, at any time before the 31st December, 1913, at £105 per £100, and after that date at £102 10s. per £100, on giving six calendar months' notice in writing. In the event of a voluntary winding-up for the purposes of reconstruction or amalgamation the Stock will be paid off at £102 10s. per £100. Stock not previously redeemed will be paid off at par on the 31st December, 1918, or when the security becomes enforceable.

The Stock will be secured by a specific charge on £600,000 of the Uncalled Capital of the Society, and a floating charge on the whole undertaking and assets of the Society, except the £1,000,000 of Reserved Share Capital, which can only be called up in the event of a winding-up.

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 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

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 38 Bedford Row, London, W.C.

Solicitors for the Trustees.

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MESSRS. DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS & CO.,
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PROSPECTUS.

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The security for the Debenture Stock is as follows:—

A Specific Charge in favour of the Trustees on the Uncalled Capital to the extent of £4 per Share on the 200,000 Ordinary Shares, amounting to	£800,000 0 0
A floating charge on the undertaking and assets of the Society (except the Reserve Share Capital), which assets, according to the audited Balance Sheet, stood in the books on December 31, 1907, at	£945,214 1 0
Less Mortgages on properties	16,000 0 0
	929,214 1 0

Total £1,729,214 1 0

To which must be added the proceeds of the present issue.

During each of the past seven years a dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary Shares. Comprised in the above-mentioned Assets are (a) the General Reserve Fund (including Reserve for unexpired risks) of £210,000, and (b) Reserve for claims in suspense £50,000.

The remaining Uncalled Capital of £5 per Share on the 200,000 Ordinary Shares or £1,000,000 can only be called up in the event of a winding-up, and the Society's Policyholders, Bondholders, and General Creditors will be entitled to look to this as well as to the surplus of the general assets above referred to.

Application will in due course be made to the Stock Exchange for a quotation of the Debenture Stock now offered.

Favourable consideration in allotment will be given to Shareholders of the Society.

£250,000 of the Debenture Stock now offered has been underwritten by the Law Debenture Corporation, Limited, for a commission of 2½ per cent., payable by the Society.

Copies of the Trust Deed, constituting the Stock, and of the Society's Memorandum and Articles of Association, and of the contract for underwriting dated the 25th day of June, 1908, and made between the Society and the Law Debenture Corporation, Limited, can be seen at the Office of the Society's Solicitors, No. 38 Bedford Row, W.C., and of the Trustees' Solicitors, No. 50 Old Broad Street, E.C., at any time between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, before the Subscription List is closed.

Application should be made to the Society's Bankers, Messrs. Child & Co., 1 Fleet Street, E.C., or the Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited, Princes Street, E.C., or any of its Branches, together with a cheque for the deposit. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and in case a less amount of Stock is allotted than that applied for, the excess of the deposit will be applied in or towards part payment of the amount due on allotment, and the balance (if any) will be applied towards the remaining payments.

Non-payment of any instalment upon the due dates will render the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture.

Every Member of the Society has one vote for every Share held by him, but the holders of the Preference Shares created in 1907 are only entitled to attend and vote, whether in person or by proxy, at any General Meeting to which a Resolution affecting the rights and privileges of the holders of such Preference Shares is to be submitted.

Certificates for the Stock will be issued as soon as possible after the date for payment of the final instalment.

A brokerage at the rate of 5s. per cent. will be paid by the Society on allotments made in respect of applications bearing a Broker's stamp.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Registered Office, or at any of the Branch Offices of the Society, or from the Bankers, or Solicitors.

Dated 30th June, 1908.

Readjustment and Union of

MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY, Ltd. NATIONAL RAILROAD COMPANY OF MEXICO.

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The List of Subscriptions will be closed on or before Tuesday, July 7, 1908.

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Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL £4,000,000,

DIVIDED INTO

£2,000,000 in 200,000 Five per Cent. Preference Shares of £10 each, and £2,000,000 in 200,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each;

ALSO

£3,250,000 Four per Cent. "A" Debenture Bonds and £3,250,000 Four per Cent. "B" Debenture Bonds.

(With power to increase each class of Debenture Bonds by £5,000 per mile for mileage beyond that comprised in the concession below mentioned, and by £50,000 per annum for providing funds for other Capital purposes of the Manila Railroad Company below mentioned.)

Offer of £1,250,000 Four per Cent. "A" Debenture Bonds. (Part of the 1,700,000 already issued.)

Repayable at par on January 15, 1953, or as to the whole or any part at any time after 1923, at the Company's option at 105 per cent. upon six months' notice. Interest: payable, January 15 and July 15.

The above bonds are secured by a Trust Deed as within mentioned. The Bonds, which are to Bearer, are in denominations of £20, £50, £100, and £200. Holders can, if they desire, convert their Bonds into registered Debenture Stock.

Directors.

CHARLES JAMES CATER SCOTT, 109 Leadenhall Street, E.C., Chairman.
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JOHN GASPARD LE MARCHANT, 13 Thurloe Square, S.W.
BALEGH BULLER PHILLIPPS, 7 Cleveland Row, S.W.

Trustees for the "A" and "B" Debenture Bondholders.
THE MERCHANTS' TRUST, LIMITED, 63 Cornhill, E.C.

Solicitors.

For the Company: Messrs. E. F. TURNER & SONS, 115 Leadenhall Street, E.C.
For the Trustees: Messrs. BIRCHAM & CO., 50 Old Broad Street, E.C.

Auditors.

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75 " " on July 14, 1908.
83 per cent.

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In default of payment of the instalment due on July 16 the Al'otment will be subject to cancellation and the amount previously paid to forfeiture.

The "A" Debenture Bonds are, in effect, a first charge on the old system of 203 miles of railway, through the Company's holding of the entire Stock and Bond Capital of the American Company below referred to. This system has for some time been in successful operation in the Philippines, and its net revenue amounted in 1907 to about £128,001, while the interest charge on the outstanding "A" Debenture Bonds is £68,000.

In addition to being secured on the old railway system, the Bonds will be similarly secured upon about 444 miles of new lines now under construction and expected to be completed by 1913. These lines, combined with those of the old system, are estimated to yield ample revenue for the service of the whole authorised issue, not only of the "A" Debenture Bonds, but also of the "B" Debenture Bonds, which rank behind them.

The concession for the old system of 203 miles of railway and the further 444 miles now in course of construction was granted by the U.S. Government to the Manila Railroad Company (an American Company). This American Company will operate the railways, and its whole Stock and Bond Capital, with the exception of Directors' qualifications, has been, or will be, as issued, lodged with the Merchants' Trust, Ltd. (the Trustees), to secure the "A" and "B" Debenture Bonds of the English Company.

The agricultural districts through which the Railways run are thickly populated, and many varieties of crops are produced, including rice, Manila hemp, copra, sugar, and tobacco.

Attention is drawn to the accompanying copy of a letter dated June 18, 1908, from General Edwards, the Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington.

The position and prospects of the old Railway system and of the new lines under construction and to be built are set forth in a letter (enclosed in the prospectus) from Mr. Horace L. Higgins, who has been associated with the Railway from its earliest days, first during construction, and then as General Manager since 1892; Mr. Higgins has a unique knowledge of railway matters in the Philippines, and during his long connection with the Railway has gained the complete confidence of the Directors. Mr. Higgins estimates that the construction of the 444 miles of railroad to be built under the new Concession will cost, approximately, £3,000,000, and that the construction should be completed in 1913. In this estimate provision has been made for interest during the period of construction on the Debenture Bonds issued, and to be issued, to provide the necessary funds for such construction. This interest during the whole construction period will be debited to Capital Account, and during each period any interest allowed by the Bankers on funds lying in their

hands, as well as the net earnings of the new lines as each section is put into operation, will be credited to such account.

During the present year the earnings of the old system are expected to show a decrease as compared with 1907 of some £15,000, owing to drought and the abnormally bad rice crop, which is the worst experienced in the Island since the inauguration of the railway 20 years ago. This decrease in earnings is largely attributable to the neglect of the irrigation works during the Spanish-American War. In the favourable seasons which followed these irrigation works were not restored, but, as the restoration will now be taken in hand by the Government, who have already voted a sum for this object, not only must the loss of revenue be considered to be of a temporary nature but the prospects for the future are very encouraging.

Mr. Higgins estimates that for the year 1908 the net earnings on the old system of 203 miles (without taking into account the earnings on any of the new lines) will amount to	£113,200
And the charge, during construction, on the "A" Debenture Bonds against revenue is	£68,000

Mr. Higgins further estimates that in 1913 the first year of the completed system, the net earnings of the 652 miles will be about	£300,000
Whilst the charge on the maximum issue of £3,250,000 "A" Debenture Bonds would amount to	£130,000

The experience of the lines so far built justifies the expectation that their earnings will show considerable expansion from year to year as the country served by the new lines is developed.

Mr. Higgins, in his letter, anticipated that by June 30, 1908, some 112 miles of new lines would be in operation.

Full particulars relating to the constitution and formation of the Company are contained in the annexed Memorandum.

Applications for the Debenture Bonds may be made on the accompanying form.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from Messrs. Speyer Brothers, No. 7 Lombard Street, E.C., or from the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, 31 Lombard Street, E.C.

Copies of the below-mentioned Contracts and Letters, the Plan of Reconstruction, the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and the Trust Deed for securing the Debenture Bonds, may be inspected at the office of Messrs. E. F. Turner & Sons, 115 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., during the usual business hours whilst the list is open.

London, E.C.

July 3, 1908.

War Department, Bureau of Insular Affairs.

My dear Mr. Cater Scott, Washington, June 18, 1908.
Replying to your enquiry as to my view of the prospects of the Manila Railroad Company, I believe that I can do no better than repeat what I stated in our discussions during the negotiations leading up to the granting of the Concession to the Manila Railroad Company, that is, that the roads covered by the Concession granted under the Act of July 7, 1906, of the Philippine Commission, could not but be profitable from their completion, and increasingly so thereafter, under any fair management.

This opinion was based on my observation, and on the views of the officials of the Philippine Government. It was strengthened by the fact that the Engineer who had completed in 1876 a study of this question for the Spanish Government, had similarly reported with reference to the almost identical lines. That these roads have, under Mr. H. L. Higgins, not only a fair but an excellent and economical management is the testimony of the Philippine Government.

You know how much the Philippine Government desired the construction of the new railways, and it is a pleasure to note, as I do, in the last report of the Secretary of Commerce and Police, "that the Manila Railroad Company is pushing its construction far in advance of the requirements of the Franchise." The Secretary of War has expressed his gratification at this. It is needless to invite your attention to the fact that the early completion of the branch lines of the Manila Railroad Company will place it in a position to profit fully by the more favourable trade relations with the United States, which it is hoped will soon be extended to the Islands.

Very sincerely,

G. R. EDWARDS

(Brigadier-General, U.S. Army, Chief of Bureau).

C. J. Cater Scott, Esq., Chairman,

Manila Railway Company (1906) Limited, London.

MEMORANDUM.—The Manila Railway Company (1906) Limited (below referred to as "the Company"), was incorporated for the purpose of acquiring and holding the whole of the Loan and Stock Capital (except that required for Directors' qualification) of an American Company, formed in 1906, under the laws of the State of New Jersey, under the title of the Manila Railroad Company (below referred to as "the American Company"), for the purposes and under the circumstances shortly below set out.

In August, 1906, a Concession was granted to the American Company by the United States, which comprises not only the existing 203 miles of railway in the Island of Luzon in the Philippine Islands (which were constructed and worked by the old Manila Railway Company, Limited), but also a further 444 miles, part of which is now in course of construction and the whole of which must under the Concession be completed in 1913.

The Company will, in effect, control & is extended undertaking, since practically the whole of the issued capital of the American Company is vested in the Company or the Trust or for the holders of its "A" and "B" Debenture Bonds, and the Company has agreed to acquire all further Bonds or Stocks hereafter to be issued by the American Company which will also in due course be vested in the Trustees.

Both of the above issues of "A" and "B" Debenture Bonds are secured by a Trust Deed between the Company of the one part and the Merchants' Trust, Limited, of the other part, under which the entire present and future Capital Bonds and Shares (less Directors' qualification) of the American Company is and will be vested in the Trustees and made subject to a first charge in favour of the "A" Debenture Bondholders, and a second charge in favour of the "B" Debenture Bondholders.

The Authorized Loan Capital of the American Company consists of \$7,500,000 First Mortgage Bonds 5 per Cent. Bonds and \$12,500,000 Second Mortgage 7 per Cent. Bonds. Its Stock Capital consists of \$6,500,000 7 per Cent. Cumulative Preferred Stock, and \$3,500,000 Common Stock. Of this capital \$3,000,000 First Mortgage Bonds, \$5,500,000 Second Mortgage Bonds, \$2,500,000 Preference Stock, and \$1,500,000 Common Stock, represented the purchase consideration for the existing railway, and were acquired by the Company, and at their request issued to the Trustees for the "A" and "B" Bondholders of the Company.

The consideration for which the Company acquired these Bonds and Stocks was the issue and payment of £1,257,200 "A" Debenture Bonds, £730,000 "B" Debenture Bonds, £1,180,000 Preference Shares, £393,270 Ordinary Shares and £43,800 cash.

The Company has also contracted, under Contract No. 4 mentioned below, to acquire at par such of this balance of the authorized Loan and Stock Capital of the American Company as it may be called upon to do, and under Contracts Nos. 5 and 7 also mentioned below sufficient moneys have been provided for the purchase of the following Bonds and Stocks of the American Company forming part of such balance, namely: \$1,250,000 First Mortgage Bonds, \$1,750,000 Second Mortgage Bonds, \$1,250,000 Preferred Stock, and \$310,000 Common Stock. The money received by the American Company against the issue of these further Bonds and Stocks has been or will be applied in or towards the construction of the further mileage authorized to be constructed under the new Concession.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—(1) A letter dated March 15, 1906, from Messrs. Speyer Brothers to the Old Manila Company, and a letter dated March 22, 1905, from that Company to Messrs. Speyer Brothers in answer thereto, by which the Company undertook to pay or procure the payment to Messrs. Speyer Brothers of certain sums as remuneration for their services in connection with the prosecution of that Company's claim against the United States for damage to their line done in the course of the Spanish-American War and the obtaining of the new Concession. This arrangement, except as regards the sum of £10,000 payable under the first bond, is in effect superseded by Agreement No. 5. The letter of March 22, 1905, was confirmed by Messrs. Speyer Brothers by letter dated March 23, 1906. (2) A contract made the First day of January, 1907, between the old Manila Company of the one part, and the American Company of the other part, being an agreement for the sale of the whole railway system and undertaking of the old Manila Company to the American Company, for the consideration in Bonds and Stocks above stated. (3) A contract made the First day of January, 1907, between the old Manila Company of the one part, and the Company of the other part, being an agreement for the sale to the Company of the whole of the above-mentioned Bonds and Stocks of the American Company for the consideration above stated. (4) A contract made the First day of January, 1907, between the Company of the one part, and the American Company of the other part, being a contract by which the Company undertakes in effect (subject to various conditions and restrictions) to purchase in cash at their par value the rest of the above-mentioned loan and stock capital of the American Company as and when required to be issued in order to raise money for the completion of the railway system comprised in the Concession. (5) A contract made the First day of February, 1907 (below referred to as "the Service Agreement"), between the Company of the one part, and Messrs. Speyer Brothers on behalf of themselves and others of the other part, whereby in consideration of various services and cash commitments hereinafter specified in detail the Company agrees to issue to Messrs. Speyer Brothers or their nominees as fully paid the "A" and "B" Debenture Bonds and Preference Shares of the Company below referred to as to be issued under the Service Agreement. (6) Two letters dated respectively June 6, 1907, and June 12, 1907, from Messrs. Speyer Brothers to Mr. William Menzel, and two letters dated respectively June 10, 1907, and June 23, 1907, from Mr. William Menzel to Messrs. Speyer Brothers. (7) A contract dated June 15, 1908 (supplemental to the Service

Agreement), between the Company of the one part, and Messrs. Speyer Brothers on behalf of themselves and others of the other part, embodying and superseding letters dated August 7 and August 15, December 2, December 5, December 9, 1907, and January 17, 1908, and passing between the same parties.

The Bonds and Shares issued and to be issued to Messrs. Speyer Brothers, or their nominees, as fully paid under the Service Agreement and the Contract No. 7 above referred to consist of £442,800 "A" Debenture Bonds, £1,100,000 "B" Debenture Bonds and £620,000 Preference Shares, which were agreed to be issued to them in consideration of their assisting the Company in carrying through the plan of Reconstruction under which the Company was formed, and acting as managers of such plan; of their guaranteeing that the holders of the fixed charges of the old Manila Company would accept the £1,257,200 "A" Debenture Bonds of the Company offered under the plan in exchange for their securities; of their providing and paying on behalf of the Company the £43,800 cash part of the consideration payable under Contract No. 3, the preliminary expenses of the Company, including the stamp duties immediately payable on the Trust Deed, and on £1,703,000 "A" Bonds and £1,830,000 "B" Bonds of the Company, and also all the legal and other expenses incidental to the promotion and incorporation of the American Company, the negotiations for and grant of the new concession and the formulation of and carrying out the Plan of Reconstruction of their paying or providing the Company with the sum of \$1,830,000 required by it for taking up (under Contract No. 4 above) Bonds and Stocks of the Railroad Company of that aggregate nominal value; of the services rendered by them to the old Company through their New York House in obtaining the new concession for the American Company; and of their permitting the moneys provided by them for the construction only of the first 150 miles of line to be used also for the construction simultaneously of further mileage and of their maintaining and furthering the credit of the Company by procuring a postponement of the realization on by their friends of the Bonds held by Messrs. Speyer Brothers for their account under unfavourable market conditions.

The liabilities for the cash commitments of Messrs. Speyer Brothers under the Service Agreement have been distributed amongst Messrs. Speyer Brothers, Messrs. Speyer & Co., and the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, with certain other persons and corporations who took no part in arranging the terms of the Plan of Reconstruction or in the promotion of the Company, but are interested in the realization of the above-mentioned Bonds and Shares.

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